THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 45. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P., Airs His Views on John Redmond's Independent Policy With Characteristic Thoroughness.

Mr. Redmond Makes a Clear and Comprehensive Reply, in Which He Plainly Shows Why the Irish Vote Should Hang in Terrorem Over the Liberals.

Two Documents Well Worth the Reading.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—[Copyrighted, 1893, by the Associated Press.]—Mr. T. P. O'Connor, member of parliament for the Scotland division of Liverpool, editor of the *Weekly Sun*, and President of the Irish National League of Great Britain, was asked by the Associated Press to give his views upon the Irish situation in general and particularly upon the attitude of Mr. John Redmond, the Parnellite leader, in announcing his intention of giving his support and that of his followers to the Conservatives and to oust Mr. Gladstone from power, should it be found necessary in his opinion to do so. Mr. O'Connor, in reply, writes as follows:

TO THE GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—Your request that I express my views in regard to the recent pronouncement of Mr. John Redmond comes at a moment when I scarcely feel competent to make a statement. I have just returned from a tour of the districts in England where the great coal war is raging, and the sights and scenes of misery seen during the course of this tour pursue me like the oppression of a nightmare, and I find it difficult to turn my thoughts and attention to a very different subject.

I regret very much the recent speeches of Mr. John Redmond, and for reasons not dictated by any hostility to any section of the Nationalists following his lead. My view as to the attitude the Irish party should take up toward the Parnellites has been that by patience, moderation and avoidance of injurious and offensive epithets we should be free to prove to their misguided judgments that the apprehensions they have been taught to regard us with are unfounded, and that they should in this way be free, by the absence of incitements to their passions and their recollections of Parnell, to consider the attitude of the Irish party with something like dispassionate spirit.

I did not see that the fact that there was a party of Nationalists professing more extreme doctrines than we, was altogether unmixed with evil. In short, the attitude I always thought sound and wise in regard to the Parnellites was to treat them as one of the factors working for the National cause and to utilize them for that good object. Up to a few weeks ago it appeared to me that this was also the view of their own leaders, and I am not sure that it is not the view of the majority still. They still keep up the appearance of being more extreme than Nationalists and in keeping up the appearance undoubtedly had to sail very near the wind and to sometimes subject the Irish cause to imminent risk of shipwreck. For instance, the attempt to retain the Irish members in their full strength in the imperial parliament after Home Rule failed was very near landing us in terrible disaster. As it is, the retention of even eighty members forms one of the most effective weapons against Home Rule in the next campaign. If we had succeeded in forcing on the government, as we might perhaps have done, the retention of the full number, I would have regarded our success in another election campaign as impossible.

This urging forward, too, of the demand for amnesty for political prisoners, I regard not only as perilous to the cause of Home Rule, but even more destructive to what little chance these unfortunate men have of ever getting released. The idea that Home Rule involes sympathy with dynamite methods (and such an impression, though ill-founded, would be spread if the Parnellite policy was adopted) would, of course, mean the defeat of Home Rule at the next election, and the defeat of Home Rule which would mean the accession of a Tory ministry would likewise involve the permanent imprisonment of these men. But for all these things I have been willing to make a certain allowance. To put it frankly, the Parnellites had to keep their extreme followers on their hands, and I was willing to allow them considerable latitude in political tactics in doing so. But, on the other side, the Parnellites as a body supported the government and Home Rule loyally throughout last session. They made mistakes and they did wrong things—all that I admit; but considering their difficulties their record on the whole was good.

But what is the meaning of this latest cry? I have not had the opportunity of seeing any of my colleagues for many weeks; therefore, I am without knowledge of the inside history of this latest move of Redmond. I must say, however, that his policy seems mere insanity. The fundamental point to be remembered about Home Rule is that it has finally to pass into law by a majority of British as well as Irish votes. Unless we get a majority of British constituencies, as well as Irish constituencies, it will be impossible that we should ever force measures through the opposition of the lords. What, then, every practical Irish politician has to consider is, what are the methods and measures with which to get a majority of British votes for the Liberals at the next election. Every vote then given for the Liberal party will be given for Home Rule, and every vote taken from the Liberals will be taken from Home Rule.

Now what is to get British votes for the Liberal party? Redmond must be strangely ignorant of electioneering history if he does not know that one means by which we can get Liberal votes is to pass Liberal legislation, and if anybody has any doubts upon it he has only to study the tactics of the Tories' and Unionists' obstinate obstruction. Obstruction to the Home Rule bill is dictated as much by the desire not merely to impede the bill, but also by the resolution to limit this parliamentary session to Home Rule, for a strong card with the Unionists and Tories has been that the Home Rule measure would destroy all power of the Liberal ministry to carry any British legislation, and that the English workingmen could therefore be called upon to resist the return of the Liberal ministry on the distinct ground that by so doing they would destroy all chances of getting their own sore needs attended to. That is the reason that the Unionists so strenously resisted the autumn sittings which begin next Thursday. In short, there is no political party not agreed in the opinion that if the ministry has to go to the country without British legislation its chance of getting a majority is destroyed.

What, then, is Redmond asking for? Why is it that the Liberal government should do the very thing the Liberals alike believe would lead to its destructive defeat? He asks that Irish questions be dealt with (for that is what the demand comes to); he asks for a dissolution next year. In other words, he asks the Liberal ministry to go to the country without these British measures which form their one chance of gaining a majority. In short, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Morley, Mr. Balfour, Mr. McCarthy and Lord Randolph Churchill agree in thinking with the ministry that no Liberal work will be done, which will mean that the Liberals will undergo a crushing and overwhelming defeat and a big Tory majority means, perhaps, the destruction of the Home Rule cause in our generation. This, it appears to me, is where Mr. John Redmond's policy is leading us.

T. P. O'CONNOR.

JOHN REDMOND'S REPLY.

He Explains What Will Be Ireland's Policy.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—[Copyrighted, 1893, by the Associated Press.]—T. P. O'Connor, M. P., president of the Irish National League of Great Britain, Oct. 30, sent a letter to the general manager of the Associated Press, giving his views on the recent utterances of John Redmond, M. P., leader of the Parnellite faction of the Nationalist party. Mr. Redmond today addressed the following reply to Mr. O'Connor in a letter to the general manager of the Associated Press. Mr. O'Connor's letter, it should be added, was given to Reuter's Telegram company, in London, after being cabled to the Associated Press, and was prominently printed in the English newspapers and considerably commented upon, editorially, by the *Times* and other London papers of prominence. The following letter is of particular interest in view of the opening of parliament and the attitude to be adopted by the Independent party toward the government. In his letter to the general manager of the Associated today, Mr. Redmond says:

The attitude adopted by the Independent party of Ireland toward the government has been already misunderstood and misrepresented. It has been described as a new departure and as the promulgation of a new policy. It is nothing of the kind. Our position and our policy toward the Liberal party are today precisely what they have been all along. We are ready and willing to support them so long as they remain faithful to their pledges to Ireland; but we are absolutely independent of them, and mean to let them know that any paltering with Home Rule may convert us from supporters into opponents. Our recent declarations have been construed into meaning that we have decided to throw Mr. Gladstone out of power and restore Lord Salisbury. Nothing could be more absurd or more untrue. What we have decided upon is to let the present government clearly understand that its existence depends upon Irish votes, and that the price to be paid for these votes is strict adherence to the letter and spirit of its pledges on the question of Home Rule.

What, it may be asked, has happened to call this matter in question at all? Now I reply that since Mr. Parnell's disappearance a change has come over the aspect of Home Rule. While he lived and commanded a united party the British people were told by Mr. Gladstone and every other Liberal leader that Ireland blocked the way, and that in order to obtain British reforms it was necessary, first of all, to pass Home Rule. Now this is all changed, and the cry is raised that in order to carry Home Rule at the next general election the Newcastle programme, which contains a long list of British reforms, must first be dealt with.

We were promised that if the house of lords dared to reject the Home Rule bill a powerful agitation would spring up against that body in Great Britain. The bill has been rejected, and no one in Scotland, England or Wales seems to resent its rejection in the smallest degree. It has been said lately, notably by T. P. O'Connor, in the American press, that we are demanding from the government the reintroduction of the Home Rule bill or the immediate dissolution of parliament. We have never made any such demand. The position, as it appears to us, seems to be of this character: Home Rule, undoubtedly, has fallen far from the high position it held in Great Britain before Mr. Parnell's overthrow. There is no enthusiasm behind it; it is no longer urgent, as it was when the powerful leader and his united party made the government of the empire practically impossible to any ministry which rejected their demands. The majority of the Irish Nationalist members today are part and parcel of the Liberal party, and, consequently, there is no Irish politician who has it in his power to dictate terms to Great Britain. These were the consequences certain to follow from the destruction of Parnell. They are the hard facts of the political situation today, and it would be folly to disregard them.

When, therefore, the Liberal government says to us that in order to win the next general election it is necessary for it to pass certain British reforms before a dissolution of parliament, it would be childish on our part to deny it. We have never done so; but we have considerable power still left in our hands, and we are bound to use it for the purpose of insuring that only a proper kind of British reforms are proceeded with and that the elections are not postponed indefinitely. Thus there is no question that Home Rule will be shelved, and that the next four or five years will be devoted to British affairs, and the chance of seeing a parliament on College Green will be gone for a generation.

So long as the British find once more that the government of Ireland has become an easy and pleasant task, and the parliament at Westminster can devote itself, undisturbed by the hateful Irish question, to the pressing needs of the British masses—and all by the simple expedient of introducing a Home Rule bill and then hanging it up again—so long may we regard the opportunity of Ireland, which Parnell brought about, as absolutely gone. The Liberals will quietly remain and enjoy the sweets of office and the items of the Newcastle programme will be dealt with in 1894 and 1895 and in 1896. Mr. Gladstone is now 84 years old and cannot be expected to last forever, and the danger we have to provide against now is that at the end of our five years' time Home Rule may still be hung up. Sir William Harcourt may be leader of the Liberals, and we may be further away from the realization of our hopes than before the Parnell movement began. It is, therefore, in our opinion, necessary that Ireland should continue, in Mr. Gladstone's own words, "to block the way." No, we cannot consent to postpone Home Rule for the Newcastle programme, and whatever power we possess must be used to prevent any such fatal calamity occurring.

What, then, is our position? On one hand we insist upon Ireland's blocking the way, and protest against an indefinite hanging up of Home Rule; on the other hand we recognize that, owing to the change which the destruction of Parnell brought over the position, prestige and power of our cause, Gladstone cannot perhaps afford to dissolve parliament without some dealing with British affairs. We are prepared for a compromise autumn session.

If we are to support these British measures and to have Home Rule in the meantime hung up we must have a clear and definite understanding that the dissolution of parliament will not be delayed. It must take place at the end of 1894 or, at the latest, when the new registration of electors law takes force. On these conditions we are content to help purely British measures during all next year. J. E. REDMOND.

Does Protection Protect?

Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier.

More New Records.

Both of the new twin-screw Cunard steamships, "Campania" and "Lucania," broke all previous records on their last trips across the Atlantic, as follows:

"Campania"—Leaving New York on Oct. 26, arrived at Queenstown 1:52 a.m., Friday, Nov. 3; time, 5 days 12 hours 7 minutes, beating all records.

"Lucania"—Leaving Liverpool Oct. 28, arrived at New York 9:19 p.m. Friday, Nov. 3; time 5 days 12 hours 47 minutes, beating all west-bound records.

Safety From a Periodic Scourge.

Do you want to be insured, dweller in a malarious region, against the periodical scourge which threatens to assail you in the form of chills and fever or some of the forms of miasma-born disease? It goes without saying, that you do. Then, instead of using quinine or other alkaloid and mineral drugs, which merely relieve and are always detrimental to general health, seek aid where it is always forthcoming—from the thorough preventive and remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in regions where malaria is far more violent and prevalent than it is on this continent, eradicates it completely from the system. Biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints, neuralgia and rheumatism are among the maladies to which the national tonic and corrective is adapted. Physicians everywhere know its genuine worth.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

BUILT FOR GOD.

How the Late Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior General of the Order of the Holy Cross, Made the Wilderness Smile with Flowers of Faith.

A Noble and Heroic Life Peacefully Closed—From a Log Hut in the Desert Sprung the Magnificent Churches and Cottages of Notre Dame, Indiana.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Oct. 31.—Grief has fallen on the University of Notre Dame. Father Sorin is dead, the third noted one at the great university to answer death's summons since July 1. President Thomas E. Walsh gave up his grand work, to soon be followed by that indefatigable worker, Father Alexis Granger. Now death has laid its hand on the venerable founder, and all the world mourns with Notre Dame.

Very Rev. Edward Sorin, superior general of the Congregation of the Holy Cross of the world and founder of the University of Notre Dame, died at 9:45 this forenoon at his residence, the Presbytery, near the Church of the Sacred Heart of Notre Dame and on the banks of the beautiful St. Mary's lake. Death came like a welcome, refreshing sleep. The brilliant mind, still active, began to rest from years of toil, and the sleep was one from which the sleeper never awoke. President Morrissey, Father Hudson, Father Corby and all of the priests of the community who could possibly leave their duties were at the dying man's side until the end. The scene was indeed touching.

Father Sorin had been in poor health for several years. At times he became better and then worse. During the summer of 1892 his condition became alarming, and few at Notre Dame expected him to survive the year. Under the care of competent physicians and the nursing of Brother Columba, his constant attendant, and Brother Benedict, he gradually grew better. During the past summer he rode an hour almost daily, and sometimes twice a day, frequently driving to the city. Then he began to fail, and it was soon apparent that his advanced years would not permit him to live long. Day by day he grew weaker in body, but his remarkable mind preserved its acute powers until within a few hours of death. Yesterday he was not long expected to survive and about 11 o'clock last night it became evident that the end was near. His death resulted from Bright's disease, combined with old age and other minor difficulties.

The late Father Sorin was a Frenchman, born near Paris Feb. 6, 1814. He was graduated at the University of Paris and at once began to study for the priesthood. His ordination took place on June 6, 1838. At the end of a year he felt a desire to become a missionary to the Indians of America, and with a view to preparing himself for this work he entered the then newly founded Order of the Holy Cross. Shortly afterward he was appointed to and declined the office of Bishop of Bengal. Aug. 5, 1841, he sailed from Havre and arrived in New York Sept. 14. At once he set out for far Indiana and began his labors among the Indians, who then were the most numerous inhabitants of that territory. But he was soon forced by the superior of his order to abandon this field of effort and was directed to establish schools wherever opportunity offered. With this object he began to travel, and on Nov. 24, 1842, he arrived on the borders of the sheet of water now known as St. Mary's lake, near the site of the present city of South Bend. He had only $5 in money, but in his heart was unbounded trust in the beneficence of God and confidence in his own energy and resolution. This trust and confidence were not daunted by the forbidding appearance of the place. The country for miles was a waste covered with a thick blanket of snow, and the only building in sight was a dilapidated log hut. The first thing to do, the first thing that was done, was to repair this hut and make it habitable. As soon as this was accomplished he set apart one-half of the little structure as a chapel and the other half as a dwelling for himself and six brothers of the order who had accompanied him. He then began to build a college, and in 1844 secured for it a charter as a university from the legislature of the State of Indiana. From that day the University of Notre Dame flourished and progressed under his guidance until now, when it has become the largest and most important Roman Catholic educational institution in the United States.

The university at present consists of numerous very handsome and imposing buildings. The central and main building is a five-story structure surmounted by a magnificent gilt dome, which serves as a pedestal for a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary. The head of this statue is encircled by a crown of twelve electric stars, and at its feet twenty-four electric stars form a cresent. The height of the statue is 200 feet. To the east of the main building are St. Edward's Hall, the College of Music and the Hall of Science, all stately edifices. Still farther to the east are smaller buildings, the gymnasia for seniors, juniors and minims. West of the main building are the church, manual labor school and the residence of the late Father Sorin. Just beyond are the Professed House for the Religious and the seminary. In the distance may be seen St. Mary's Academy, an institution of learning for young women.

The mainspring of the university, of course, is the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Twelve years of constant labor, and no one knows how many fortunes were spent in building this wonderful pile. The foundation was begun by Father Sorin on the feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1868, the very day Pius IX opened the Vatican Council. The form of the edifice is that of a Latin cross, and the material is light-colored brick. The interior is divided into nave, aisles and transepts, chancel and seven apsidal chapels. In its elevation the grand nave is divided into two parts. The arcades, springing from the ground under a broad frieze of embossed oak leaves and gilded acorns, form the first. The clustered columns are of a serpentine marble, with capitals of golden oak leaves between which peer the countenances of sculptured cherubs. The ceiling appears to be greater in the height than it actually is. The spandrels of the architrave are occupied by life-sized figures of saints, painted on gold by Gregori, who was special artist to Pius IX.

But the great features are the altar and the tabernacle in the centre. The altar represents the human heart in the human body. It is a grand work of art from France. The duties amounted to more than $2,000. It occupied a prominent position at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. It is of gold and gilded bronze, elegantly chased and richly enameled. It is fashioned like a shrine, the sides of which are composed of two arcades of gilded bronze. The enameled figures of angels in relief adorn the arcades. Six pilasters support the table of sacrifice and form six niches for statues representing the virtues. In this table is a piece of the wooden altar preserved in the Church of St. Praxedes in Rome, which St. Peter used as a portable altar. The altar is supported by a group of gilded bronze columns. Beneath it, visible between the interlacing arches of the antependium, are the bodies of two martyrs taken from a catacomb of the second century. They were gifts from Pius IX.

The tabernacle is a rendition in gold and jewels of Jerusalem as described by St. John in the twenty-first chapter of the Apocalypse. In the centre gable the figure of an angel in bright colors holds a phylactery and proclaims that "there is the tabernacle of God among men; he will dwell with them; they shall be his people, and God in their midst shall be their God." A sheaf of slender columns sustains the holy Jerusalem as if descending from heaven. The city is square, and it has a great and high wall in which are twelve gates, three to each side, and the figures of twelve angels, one to each gate. The wall has twelve foundations, on which are the names of the twelve apostles. The city is of gold and twelve kinds of precious stones. The interior of the tabernacle is covered with heavy plates of silver, on which are inscribed the names of the donors.

Among the hundreds of precious relics preserved in the sacristy are pieces of the true cross, the manger and the garments of the Lord; also of the veil and the girdle of his blessed mother and mementoes of St. Joseph and all the apostles. Among the sacred vessels are a chalice and paten which were used and presented to this basilica by Pius IX.; a large crucifix, seven feet in height, and an ostensorium more than four feet high, both of beaten silver and gold, with figures in high relief, presented by Napoleon III., and a chalice, ciborium and monstrance in repousse gold, willed to the church by the late Marquis de Maulevrier. Besides these are two precious crowns. One of them rests on the head of the statue of Mary immaculate. It is of solid gold, studded with precious stones and inlaid with pearls. It was presented by the Empress Eugenie of France in 1866. The other was the gift of thirty persons. It represents the fifteen mysteries of the rosary on blue enameled pictures. The names of the contributors are engraved about each picture. In addition are fifteen decades of crystal beads attached to the lower part of the crown. Another relic is a large carved door, or grating, through which St. Bridget at Rome heard mass.

And all this ornate beauty, all this marvelous magnificence, have sprung from the little log hut in the snow on the shores of St. Mary's lake in 1842. It was Father Sorin whose labor, enthusiasm and perseverance accomplished this work. Now the university has hundreds of students, and every year sends forth into the world great numbers of young men who have drawn inspiration from its founder and from the influences with which he surrounded them.

In 1857 Father Sorin was appointed provincial superior of the Order of the Holy Cross in the United States, and in 1868 was elected superior general for life. He crossed the Atlantic ocean forty-eight times, and it has been computed that his journeys and voyages together would more than equal eight times the circumference of the earth. Besides the university he established flourishing colleges and schools in almost every part of the United States and Canada. He was likewise the founder and superior general of the Order of Sisters of the Holy Cross, of whom there are in the United States more than 800, chiefly engaged in conducting colleges and schools.

Marriage of Patrick Egan's Son.

VALPARAISO, Chili, Oct. 26.—The marriage of Mr. Francis W. Egan, eldest son of the ex-United States Minister to Chili, to the Senorita Amelia, daughter of the late Don Jorjo Rojas, a member of the Chilian senate, took place here last Sunday. The ceremony, which was attended by many friends, was performed by special permission of the Roman Catholic archbishop, at the residence of the bride's mother. The bride is a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in Chili, and is of Spanish descent by her father's side, while through her mother's family, the Pradels, she is connected with some of the best families of France. One of her sisters is the wife of the Marquis Laurcati de Montecosaro. After the ceremony the young couple left for Puchoco, one of the family residences, about 400 miles south of Valparaiso, to pass the honeymoon.

VISITATION AID SOCIETY.

Third Annual Dinner of this Benevolent Association at the Rooms of the Columbus Club.

The third annual dinner of the Visitation and Aid Society was given, on Monday evening, at the Columbus Club. The President, Mr. Charles A. Mair, presided, and the other officers present were Vice-Presidents Timothy D. Hurley and M. E. Ames; Financial Secretary Thomas Breen, and Treasurer P. F. Gillespie. The other guests present were, Br. Adjutor, P. T. Barry, T. F. Barry, Thomas Brenan, W. F. Carroll, W. H. Condon, T. Connelly, Joseph Duffy, Rev. Fr. Granger, W. H. Hoops, M. H. Hoey, J. S. Hyland, John J. Kelly, S. T. A. Loftie, Henry B. Mair, John O'Malley, A. W. McDougald, E. J. Quinlan, John M. Smyth, D. J. Riordan, H. Wrightson, M. Bransfield, E. O. Brown, Z. P. Bedford, Dr. C. Caldwell, P. Cleary, E. S. Cummings, A. Cummings, Fr. M. J. Dorney, P. F. Gillespie, Jos. Hughes, T. D. Hurley, William Joyce, A. J. Kreag, Charles A. Mair, Wm. E. O'Niell, W. P. Nelson, Harry J. Powers, E. J. Queeny, Michael Roden, C. T. Whitgreave, F. W. Young, D. F. Bremner, Thomas Breen, Z. P. Brosseau, T. J. Callinan, T. S. Casey, M. Cudahy, W. F. Donohue, A. J. Graham, P. B. Gleeson, P. J. Hillary, F. E. Halligan, M. W. Kerwin, J. W. Lyons, Joseph G. Murphy, J. A. O'Donnell, Wm. McCoy, R. M. Prendergast, John D. Shea, John F. Ryan and Wm. Weadley.

At the conclusion of dinner President Mair, ex-Judge Prendergast, Frank W. Young, Representative O'Donnell, P. T. Barry and Father Dorney made remarks dealing chiefly with the work and objects of the Association. Following is a synopsis of the work performed since the last annual dinner:

DEPARTMENT OF INSPECTIONS.

Visits to institutions	213
Number of visitors	1,062
Number of confessions heard by chaplains of society	4,964
Number of inmates received holy communion	4,964
Number of extreme unctions	300
Number of baptisms, adults	72
Number of baptisms, children	65
Number of masses said in institutions by chaplains	141
Number of books in library	1,085
Number of books given out	6,159
Interments of inmates	76
Interments by friends at the request of the society	28

Forty-three persons were confirmed in the poorhouse by Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, D. D.

The poorhouse is visited every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday of each week by Rev. H. Baselman, S. J., and the city bridewell is attended by Rev. Paul Ponzliglone, S. J. These good fathers are accompanied to the institutions by members of the society.

DEPARTMENT OF OFFICE.

Applications of all kinds	2,630
Employment obtained for	95
Transportation obtained for	29
Assisted to go to the hospital	93
Gave temporary assistance to	597
Otherwise assisted (such as procuring medicine, medical aid, provisions from the county, or from alms-giving societies, temporary shelter, etc.)	2,016
Children cared for	1,039
Children sent to institutions	496
Children sent to parents	217
Condition of children improved	220
Children placed in homes by the society	37

A large proportion of the children committed to the institutions are placed in homes by the institution authorities.

The Association's office is situated at No. 125 Dearborn street. The secretary is Miss Rose A. McCade, and one of the vice-presidents is Mrs. Thomas Rogers. The police officer is P. D. McSweeney and the visitor J. J. Lennon. In their daily rounds among the police stations these officers gather up lost and destitute children and aid in placing them in some benevolent institution. Transportation is afforded those who are penniless and absent from home, and medical aid to the sick.

The association is under the direct management of the president and an office committee. They are assisted by a woman clerk, a man visitor and a police officer, as indicated. The last three devote the business hours of the day to the work. A circulating library is maintained at the poorhouse in which there are all the standard works and the daily and weekly papers. The bridewell is visited twice a month and the jail every Sunday. By these visits an effort is made to improve the spiritual condition of the inmates.

The Rev. Father Riordan, before the proceedings terminated, addressed the assembled guests in eloquent words. He confessed he had been chosen because it was thought he would make a money-making speech. There were no arguments, he said, necessary in the case at hand save the facts themselves. It was impossible to see why such a good work had been neglected so long. But the record of the year had been a proud one. The poor and the children of vicious parents had veen provided with homes. The criminal and aged poor had not been overlooked. The work has been done almost entirely by the laity. The aid was thus given by those nearest to it. There could be no question as to success; the thing to do was to increase its scope and usefulness.

A committee was appointed to take subscriptions, to consist of Messrs. Smyth, Cudahy, Brenan, Mair and Hurley. This concluded the dinner and the members adjourned to the parlors.

THE THREE WISHES.

An Irish Legend—Billy Dawson, Known in His Youth to be the Greatest Hand at Doing Nothing in All Europe.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

In ancient times there lived a man called Billy Dawson, and he was known to be a great rogue. They say he was descended from the old family of the Dawsons, which was the reason, I suppose, of his carrying their name upon him.

Billy, in his youthful days, was the best hand at doing nothing in all Europe; devil a mortal could come next or near him at idleness; and, in consequence of his great practice that way, you may be sure that if any man could make a fortune by it he would have done it.

Billy was the only son of his father, barring two daughters; but they have nothing to do with the story I'm telling you. Indeed it was kind father and grandfather for Billy to be handy at the knavery as well as at the idleness; for it was well known that not one of their blood ever did an honest act, except with a roguish intention. In short, they were altogether a *decent* connection, and a credit to the name. As for Billy, all the villainy of the family, both plain and ornamental, came down to him by way of legacy; for it so happened that the father, in spite of all his cleverness, had nothing but his roguery to *lave* him.

Billy, to do him justice, improved the fortune he got: every day advanced him farther into dishonesty and poverty, until, at the long run, he was acknowledged on all hands to be the completest swindler and the poorest vagabond in the whole parish.

Billy's father, in his young days, had often been forced to acknowledge the inconvenience of not having a trade, in consequence of some nice point in law, called the "Vagrant Act," that sometimes troubled him. On this account he made up his mind to give Bill an occupation, and he accordingly bound him to a blacksmith; but whether Bill was to *live* or *die* by *forgery* was a puzzle to his father—though the neighbors said that *both* was most likely. At all events, he was put apprentice to a smith for seven years, and a hard card is master had to play in managing him. He took the proper method, however, for Bill was so lazy and roguish that it would vex a saint to keep him in order.

"Bill," says his master to him one day that he had been sunning himself about the ditches, instead of minding his business, "Bill, my boy, I'm vexed to the heart to see you in such a bad state of health. You're very ill with that complaint called *Alloverness*; however," says he, "I think I can cure you. Nothing will bring you about but three or four sound doses, every day, of a medicine called 'the oil o' the hazel.' Take the first dose now," says he; and he immediately banged him, with a hazel cudgel, until Bill's bones ached for a week afterwards.

"If you were my son," said his master, "I tell you, that, as long as I could get a piece of advice growing convenient in the hedges, I'd have you a different youth from what you are. If workiag was a sin, Bill, not an innocenter boy ever broke bread than you would be. Good people's scarce you think; but however that may be, I throw it out as a hint, that you must take your medicine till you're cured, whenever you happen to get unwell in the same way."

From this out he kept Bill's nose to the grindingstone, and whenever his complaint returned, he never failed to give him a hearty dose for his improvement.

In the course of time, however, Bill was his own master; but it would puzzle a saint to know whether the master or the man was the more precious youth in the eyes of the world.

He immediately married a wife, and devil a doubt of it, but if *he* kept *her* in whisky and sugar, *she* kept *him* in hot water. Bill drank and she drank; Bill fought and she fought; Bill was idle and she was idle; Bill whacked her and she whacked Bill.

This might do for a while, but it could not last. They were idle, drunken, and ill-conducted; and it was not to be supposed that they would get a farthing candle on their words. They were of course *dhruv* to great straits; and faith, they soon found that their fighting, and drinking, and idleness made them the laughing-sport of the neighbors; but neither brought food to their *childhre*, put a coat upon their backs, nor satisfied their landlord when he came to look for his rent. Still the never a one of Bill but was a funny fellow with strangers, though, as we said, the greatest rogue unhanged.

One day he was standing against his own anvil, completely in a brown study—being brought to his wit's end how to make out a breakfast for the family. The wife was scolding and cursing in the house, and the naked creatures of childhre squalling about her knees for food. Bill was fairly at an amplush, and knew not where or how to turn himself, when a poor withered old beggar came into the forge, tottering on his staff. A long white beard fell from his chin, and he looked so thin and hungry that you might blow him, one would think, over the house. Bill at this moment had been brought to his senses by distress, and his heart had a touch of pity towards the old man; for, on looking at him a second time, he clearly saw starvation and sorrow in his face.

"God save you, honest man!" said Bill.

The old man gave a sigh, and raising himself with great pain, on his staff, he looked at Bill in a very beseeching way.

"Musha, God save you kindly!" says he; "maybe you could give a poor, hungry, helpless ould man a mouthful of something to ait? You see yourself I'm not able to work; if I was, I'd scorn to be behoulding to any one."

"Faith, honest man," said Bill, "if you knew who you're speaking to, you'd as seen ask a monkey for a churn-staff as me for either mate or money. There's not a blackguard in the three kingdoms so fairly on the *shaughran* as I am for both the one and the other. The wife within is sending the curses thick and heavy on me, and the childhre's playing the cat's melody to keep her in comfort. Take my word for it, poor man, if I had either mate or money I'd help you, for I know particularly well what it is to want them at the present spaking; an empty sack won't stand, neighbor."

So far Bill told him truth. The good thought was in his heart, because he found himself on a footing with the beggar; and nothing brings down pride, or softens the heart, like feeling what it is to want.

"Why you are in a worse state than I am," said the old man; "you have a family to provide for, and I have only myself to support."

"Y[illegible]y kiss the book on that; my old [illegible]," replied Bill: "but come, what I can do for you I will; plant yourself up here beside the fire, and I'll give it a blast or two of my bellows that will warm the old blood in your body. It's a cold, miserable, snowy day, and a good heat will be of service."

"Thank you kindly," said the old man; "I *am* cold, and a warming at your fire will do me good, sure enough. Oh, it is a bitter, bitter day, God bless it!"

He then sat down, and Bill blew a rousing blast that soon made the stranger edge back from the heat. In a short time he felt quite comfortable, and when the numbness was taken out of his joints, he buttoned himself up and prepared to depart.

"Now," says he to Bill, "you hadn't the food to give me, but what you could you did. Ask any three wishes you choose, and be they what they may, take my word for it, they shall be granted."

Now, the truth is, that Bill, though he believed himself a great man in point of 'cuteness, wanted, after all, a full quarter of being square; for there is always a great difference between a wise man and a knave. Bill was so much of a rogue that he could not, for the blood of him, ask an honest wish, but stood scratching his head in a puzzle.

"Three wishes!" said he. "Why, let me see—did you say *three?*"

"Ay," replied the stranger, "three wishes—that was what I said."

"Well," said Bill, "here goes,—aha!—let me alone, my old worthy!—faith I'll over-reach the parish, if what you say is true. I'll cheat them in dozens, rich and poor, old and young; let me alone, man,—I have it here;" and he tapped his forehead with great glee. "Faith, you're the sort to meet of a frosty morning, when a man wants his breakfast; and I'm sorry that I have neither money nor credit to get a bottle of whisky, that we might take our morning together."

"Well, but let us hear the wishes," said the old man; "my time is short, and I cannot stay much longer."

"Do you see this sledge hammer?" said Bill; "I wish, in the first place, that whoever takes it up in their hands may never be able to lay it down till I give them lave; and that whoever begins to sledge with it may never stop sledging till it's my pleasure to release him."

"Secondly—I have an arm-chair, and I wish that whoever sits down in it may never rise out of it till they have my consent."

"And thirdly—that whatever money I put into my purse, nobody may have power to take it out of it but myself!"

"You devil's rip!" says the old man in a passion, shaking his staff across Bill's nose, "why did you not ask something that would serve you both here and hereafter? Sure it's as common as the market-cross, that there's not a vagabone in his Majesty's dominions stands more in need of both."

"Oh! by the elevens," said Bill, "I forgot that altogether! Maybe you'd be civil enough to let me change one of them? The sorra purtier wish ever was made than I'll make, if you'll give me another chance."

"Get out, you reprobate," said the old fellow, still in a passion. "Your day of grace is past. Little you knew who was speaking to you all this time. I'm St. Moroky, you blackguard, and I gave you an opportunity of doing something for yourself and your family; but you neglected it, and now your fate is cast, you dirty, bog-trotting profligate. Sure it's well known what you are! Aren't you a byword in everybody's mouth, you and your scold of a wife? By this and by that, if ever you happen to come across me again, I'll send you to where you won't freeze, you villain."

He then gave Bill a rap of his cudgel over his head, and laid him at his length beside the bellows, kicked a broken coal-scuttle out of his way, and left the forge in a fury.

When Billy recovered himself from the effects of the blow, and began to think on what had happened, he could have quartered himself with vexation for not asking great wealth as one of the wishes at least; but now the die was cast on him, and he could only make the most of the three he pitched upon.

He now bethought him how he might turn them to the best accout, and here his cunning came to his aid. He began by sending for his wealthiest neighbors on pretence of business; and when he got them under his roof, he offered them the arm-chair to sit down in. He now had them safe, nor could all the art of man relieve them except worthy Bill was willing. Bill's plan was to make the best bargain he could before he released his prisoners; and let him alone for knowing how to make their purses bleed. There wasn't a wealthy man in the country he did not fleece. The parson of the parish bled heavily; so did the lawyer; and a rich attorney, who had retired from practice, swore that the court of chancery itself was paradise compared to Bill's chair.

This was all very good for a time. The fame of his chair, however, soon spread; so did that of his sledge. In a short time neither man, woman, nor child would darken his door; all avoided him and his fixtures as they would a spring-gun or man-trap. Bill, so long as he fleeced his neighbors, never wrought a hand's turn; so that when his money was out, he found himself as badly off as ever. In addition to all this, his character was fifty times worse than before; for it was the general belief that he had dealings with the old boy. Nothing now could exceed his misery, distress, and ill-temper. The wife and he and their children all fought among one another. Everybody hated them, cursed them, and avoided them. The people thought they were acquainted with more than Christian people ought to know. This, of course, came to Bill's ears, and it vexed him very much.

One day he was walking about the fields, thinking of how he could raise the wind once more; the day was dark, and he found himself, before he stopped, in the bottom of a lonely glen covered by great bushes that grew on each side. "Well," thought he, when every other means of raising money failed him, "it's reported that I'm in league, with the old-boy, and as it's a folly to have the name of the connection without the profit, I'm ready to make a bargain with him any day;—so," said he, raising his voice, "Nick, you sinner, if you be convenient and willing, why stand out here; show your best leg—here's your man."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when a dark sober-looking old gentleman, not unlike a lawyer, walked up to him. Bill looked at the foot and saw the hoof—"Morrow, Nick," says Bill.

"Morrow, Bill," says Nick. "Well, Bill, what's the news?"

"Devil a much myself hears of late," says Bill, "is there anything *fresh* below?"

"I can't exactly say, Bill; I spend little of my time down there; the Tories are in office, and my hands are consequently too full of business here to pay much attention to anything else."

"A fine place this, sir," says Bill, "to take a constitutional walk in; when I want an appetite I often come this way myself—hem! High feeding is very bad without exercise."

"High feeding! Come, come, Bill, you know you didn't taste a morsel these four-and-twenty hours."

"You know that's a bounce, Nick. I eat a breakfast this morning that would put a stone of flesh on you, if you only smelt at it."

"No matter; this is not to the purpose. What's that you were muttering to yourself awhile ago? If you want to come to the brunt, here I'm for you."

"Nick," said Bill, "you're complate; you want nothing barring a pair of Brian O'Lynu's breeches."

Bill, in fact, was bent on making his companion open the bargain, because he had often heard, that in that case, with proper care on his own part, he might defeat him in the long run. The other, however, was his match.

"What was the nature of Brian's garment," inquired Nick.

"Why you know the song," said Bill:

"Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he got a sheep's skin for to make him a pair:
With the fleshy side out and the woolly side in,
They'll be pleasant and cool, says Brian O'Lynn."

"A *cool* pair would serve you, Nick."

"You're mighty waggish today, mister Dawson."

"And good right I have," said Bill; "I'm a man snug and well to do in the world; have lots of money, plenty of good eating and drinking, and what more need a man wish for?"

"True," said the other; "in the meantime it's rather odd that so respectable a man should not have six inches of unbroken cloth in his apparel. You are as naked a tatter-demallion as I ever laid my eyes on; in full dress for a party of scarecrows, William."

"That's my own fancy, Nick; I don't work at my trade like a gentleman. This is my forge dress, you know."

"Well, but what did you summon me here for?" said the other; "you may as well speak out I tell you; for, my good friend, unless *you* do *I* shan't. Smell that."

"I smell more than that," said Bill; "and by the way, I'll thauk you to give me the windy side of you—curse all sulphur I say. There, that's what I call an improvement in my condition. But as you are so stiff," says Bill, "why, the short and the long of it is—that—hem—you see I'm—tut—sure you know I have a thriving trade of my own, and that if I like I needn't be at a loss; but in the manetime I'm rather in a kind of a so—so—don't you *take?*"

And Bill winked knowingly, hoping to trick him into the first proposal.

"You must speak above-board, my friend," says the other; "I'm a man of few words, blunt and honest. If you have anything to say, be plain. Don't think I can be losing any time with such a pitiful rascal as you are."

"Well," says Bill, "I want money, then, and am ready to come into terms. What have you to say to that, Nick?"

"Let me see—let me look at you," says his companion, turning him about. "Now, Bill, in the first place, are you not as finished a scare-crow as ever stood upon two legs?"

"I play second fiddle to you there again," says Bill.

"There you stand by the blackguards' coat of arms quartered under your eye, and——"

"Don't make little of *black*guards," said Bill, "nor spake disparagingly of *your own* crest."

"Why, what would you bring, you brazen rascal, if you were fairly put up at auction?"

"Faith, I'd bring more bidders than you would," said Bill, "if you were to go off at auction tomorrow, I tell you they should bid *downwards* to come to your value, Nicholas. We have no coin small enough to purchase you."

"Well, no matter," said Nick. "If you are willing to be mine at the expiration of seven years, I will give you more money than ever the rascally breed of you was worth."

"Done!" said Bill; "but no disparagement to my family, in the meantime; so down with the hard cash, and don't be a *neger*."

The money was accordingly paid down! but as nobody was present, except the giver and receiver, the amount of what Bill got was never known.

"Won't you give me a luck-penny?" said the old gentleman.

"Tut," said Billy, "so prosperous an old fellow as you cannot want it; however, bad luck to you, with all my heart! and it's rubbing grease to a fat pig to say so. Be off now, or I'll commit suicide on you. Your absence is a cordial to most people, you infernal old profligate. You have injured my morals even for the short time you have been with me; for I don't find myself so virtuous as I was."

"Is that your gratitude, Billy?"

"Is it gratitude *you* speak of, man? I wonder you don't blush when you name it. However, when you come again, if you bring a third eye in your head you will see what I mane, Nicholas, ahagur."

The old gentleman, as Bill spoke, hopped across the ditch, on his way to Downing street, where of late 'tis thought he possesses much influence.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

FREE SHOWS IN LONDON.

The Thoroughfares Furnish Entertainment From Early Morn Until Midnight.

An idle man can find entertainment from early morn until midnight, though not later than that, at no greater cost than the mere exercise of living and standing on one side to watch. He does not necessarily have to hunt for the interesting things. They will come to him en route. There is nothing so picturesque in any other city of the world, perhaps, or which gives you such a start of curious pleasure, as the bluecoat boy swinging along the crowded street, as unconscious of his yellow legs and flapping skirts and of the rain beating on his bare head as is the letter carrier at home of his mail bag.

Or the lord mayor's carriage blocks your way when you go into the city to draw on your letter of credit; or a couple of young barristers in waving gowns and with wigs askew dash in front of your hansom; or you are stopped by a regiment of soldiers, or a group of negro minstrels dancing in the street with as little concern as though they were separated from you by a row of footlights; or you meet the Dispatch and the other coaches coming along Piccadilly and going down the steep hill from that street to St. James' palace on a trot and at the risk of every one's neck, apparently; or the Life Guards go by with shining helmets and with the lonely rearguard 200 yards behind the rest to prevent an unexpected attack from that quarter, from whom I never could guess; or you come suddenly upon the proud and haughty Piccadilly goat in its rambles, or a line of sandwich men dressed like sailors or cooks; or you note the contrast between the victoria, with the men on the box in pink silk stockings and powdered hair, and the little coster's cart piled high with cabbages—as incongruous a sight to any other city as would be a yoke of oxen on Fifth avenue.

But what make the streets of London most interesting are not the badges of office and official uniforms, but the unofficial garb and insignia which the masses have adopted for themselves. The milkman's white apron and wooden yoke, the commissionaire's medals, which tell of campaigns in Egypt and India, or the bootblack's red coat. In America we hate uniforms, because they have been twisted into meaning badges of servitude. Our housemaids will not wear caps, nor will our coachmen shave their mustaches. This tends to make every class of citizen look more or less alike. But in London one can always tell a 'bus driver from the driver of a four wheeler, whether he is on his box or not.

The Englishman recognizes that if he is in a certain social grade he is likely to remain there, and so instead of trying to dress like some one else in a class to which he will never reach he "makes up" for the part in life he is meant to play, and the 'bus driver buys a high white hat, and the barmaid is content to wear a turned down collar and turned back cuffs, and the private coachman would as soon think of wearing a false nose as a mustache. He accepts his position and is proud of it, and the butcher's boy sits up in his cart just as smartly, and squares his elbows, and straightens his legs, and balances his whip with as much pride as any driver of a mailcart in the park. All this helps to give every man you meet an individuality.

The hansom cab driver is not ashamed of being a hansom cab driver, nor is he thinking of the day when he will be a boss contractor and tear up the streets over which he now crawls looking for a fare, and so he buys artificial flowers for himself and his horse, and soaps his rubber mat and sits up straight and businesslike, and if you put him into livery you would not have to teach him how to look well in it.—Richard Harding Davis in Harper's Bazar.

The Heroic Hen.

A friend has lately told me the following story: In the western part of Massachusetts a man had a fine stock farm—that is, a farm for raising cows and horses. But a few weeks ago a fire broke out in the barn and burned not only the building and the hay, but most of the animals also. After the fire the owner walked over the ruins. It was a sad sight to see the charred bodies of his fine Jersey cows and his high spirited horses, to say nothing of the money lost with them.

But at the end of the barn he saw a sight which touched him more than all the rest. There sat an old black hen. He wondered that she did not move her head to look at him as he came near her, but he thought she must be asleep. He poked her with his cane, and to his surprise the wing which he touched fell into ashes. Then he knew that she had been burned to death. But out from under her came a faint little peep, and pushing her aside with his cane the man found—what do you think?—10 little, live, yellow chickens! The poor hen had sacrificed her own life to save them and had held her place in the fire as Casabianca held his on the burning deck. That sight touched the man more than everything else, and he has to own that his eyes grew a little more moist than usual.—Churchman.

Her Paradise.

There is a Washington young woman who, in addition to having sensitive nerves, is intensely devoted to Browning. Much of her time she applies to the discovery of new mysticisms and much more to worrying over them. Not long ago she was quite ill. A friend called on her and said consolingly:

"Never mind, dear. This idleness will make you enjoy life all the more when you are about again."

"I don't know," sighed the patient. "Perhaps I will not get well."

"Oh, you don't think of such things as that, do you?"

"Yes."

"You take it rather cheerfully?"

"Oh, I don't mind it at all. Perhaps I shall meet Mr. Browning in the next world, and we shall have such a good time explaining his works to each other!"—Kate Field's Washington.

THE CRIMINAL EYE.

Frequently an Aid to the Detective In Following Cases.

Eyes are the most certain revealers of the criminal nature. Many an expert detective tells a criminal by just one glance—not at him, but from him. The criminal eye varies greatly in setting, but not so much in color. Sometimes it is deeply placed in the head, as if it tried to hide, fearing the result of its own involuntary revelations. Sometimes it is bulgy, protrusive like a frog's and heavy lidded. Such eyes, taken in connection with some other signs, denote treachery, lechery, loquacity, mendacity and general cruelty, with just enough cowardice to prevent the criminal from doing murder except insidiously or through others.

Of the criminal eye there are many remarkable anecdotes. The murderer Francesconi had little about him to indicate the ferocity that ambushed in his breast. His forehead was high and smooth; his beard was plentiful. To most people he rendered himself rather companionable by a certain cheap facetiousness that often masquerades as wit, and on account of this social quality Francesconi's conceit was tolerated, and his huge egotism did not have its full chance to repel people.

But years before his crime a young girl—afterward the Countess della Rocca—who had never left home and who lacked experience of life, recoiled from him violently when introduced and refused to endure his presence. When questioned why she behaved thus toward one who stood so high socially, she answered, "If that man has not already murdered people, he will do so." This girlish prophecy very soon came true, and when Lombroso inquired by what sign she had foretold she replied: "The eyes. I saw him in his eyes."—Henry Austin in Donahoe's Magazine.

Submarine Photography.

A short time ago Mr. Louis Bouton brought himself to the knowledge of scientific naturalists by undertaking an exploring tour of the Red sea, from which he brought back a strange and curious collection of fish and shells, embracing several specimens entirely unknown. Continuing his researches on the coast of France, Mr. Bouton assumed a diver's costume in order to observe at the bottom of the sea the metamorphoses of certain mollusks impossible to cultivate in aquaria. He was struck with the wonderful beauty of submarine landscapes and resolved to photograph what he could, since a simple description would savor too much of an overvivid imagination.

At first he worked in shallow water with a watertight apparatus, and the clearness of the water allowed him sufficient light to sensitize the plates. But proportionally as the water deepened clearness diminished, and the motion of the waves clouded his proofs. Then the young scientist conceived the idea of utilizing magnesium in an apparatus of his own invention. This apparatus consists essentially in a barrel filled with oxygen and surmounted by a glass bell containing an alcohol lamp.

On the flame of the lamp, by means of a mechanical contrivance, powdered magnesium is thrown, flaring as often as a view is taken. The barrel is pierced with holes on the lower side in such a manner that as the oxygen diminishes the sea water enters, so preserving the equilibrium between external and internal pressure. By the aid of this machine he has already made great progress in a direction new to naturalists and one likely to confer permanent benefits in the results obtained by their science. —Exchange.

L. Schoolherr of Austin, Tex., one of the largest dry goods dealers in the state, made an assignment for the benefit of preferred creditors. Assets about $80,000.

Within a week over one-half of the window glass factories of the United States will be at work.

Everett Chauncey Bumpus of the freshman class at Harvard, has been totally blind since he was 6 years of age. He is a son of Judge E. C. Bumpus of Quincy, Mass., and is 20 years of age.

Sarah Maher, milliner of Estherville, Ia., committed suicide by blowing out her brains in a fit of insanity.

Samuel Vangrieven, formerly a photographer of Keokuk, Ia., cut his throat there with a razor. No reason is known for his suicide.

"*LOOK UP*, and not down," if you're a suffering woman. Every one of the bodily troubles that come to women only has a *guaranteed* cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That will bring you safe and certain help.

It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and it builds up and invigorates the entire female system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, and all "female complaints" and weaknesses, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only guaranteed* remedy. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

In every case of Catarrh that seems hopeless, you can depend upon Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a cure.

It's proprietors are so sure of it that they'll pay $500 cash for any incurable case. Sold by all druggists.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.
Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

FIRED ON OUR FLAG

An Incident That Will Set the Eagle Screaming.

HONDURAS INCLINED TO BE RASH

On the Alleged Order of Her President a Port Commander Sends Some Iron Messengers in Chase of the Steamer Costa Rica—Another of Those South American Cases in Which a Revolutionary Leader Is Involved.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—The Herald's La Libertad, Honduras, dispatch says: "Honduras fired upon the American flag this morning. By the alleged orders of President Vasques and by the express command of the commissioner of the port of Amapala several shots were fired after the Pacific mail steamship Costa Rica, flying the stars and stripes, as she steamed away, because she refused to surrender one of her passengers to the Honduras government. United States Minister Baker was on board the Costa Rica at the time. The passenger about whom the trouble arose is P. Bonilla, who recently led the revolution in Honduras, but was defeated by General Vasquez.

Demanded the Surrender of Bonilla.

"He fled to Nicaragua with 300 of his adherents, joined the army of President Sarcassa who was engaged in an attempt to quell a revolution. Bonilla had decided to leave Nicaragua in order to relieve the government of all responsibility of harboring him. He therefore sailed from Nicaragua for Guatemala. Minister Baker and 100 others were his fellow passengers. They arrived Sunday at Amapala, a port of entry of Honduras, on the Pacific coast. In the afternoon the commander of the port, Villa, demanded that Captain Dow should surrender Bonilla.

Insisted on His Delivery.

"When the request was refused a threat was made to sink the ship, and it was asserted that President Vasques had given orders to that effect. Villa, incensed at the refusal to surrender Bonilla, gave the orders to fire on the ship. A government officer came on board at 8:30 this morning saying that new orders had been received from the president insisting on the delivery of Bonilla or the bombardment of the ship.

The Captain Played for Time.

"Captain Dow replied that the commander of the port would receive his answer in half an hour, but before that time expired he sailed away. Several shots were fired after the Costa Rica, although carrying the American flag. One of the shots struck her, doing no damage, but it is feared that the S. S. Calla, of the same line, which was lying in port, may have been injured, for the firing continued some time after the vessel was out of range."

THE HUNT FOR THE ROBBERS.

It Is Not Very Successful as to Getting the Thugs Into Jail.

LITTLE ROCK, Nov. 7.—The men engaged in hunting down the Iron mountain train robbers have been in their saddles for forty-eight hours. The robbers are in close quarters not far from Jamestown, where the posse has them surrounded. If they attempt to break through the circle it will be at the risk of their lives. A posse met four robbers near Wacker. They fired upon and pursued them so closely that within an hour the robbers abandoned their horses which were captured with their provisions.

They dropped three overcoats and hats in their flight on foot. Jewelry, watches, etc., were found in coats and saddle pockets. Bloodhounds were put on their track at noon, and they were followed five miles, when the dogs turned back, driven by one of the robbers, as is supposed, and the trail was lost. Nothing has since been heard from the seat of war. The bandits are without overcoats and some without hats. They have no way of getting provisions and are short of ammunition.

Two deputy marshals from Muldrow, Indian Territory, are preparing to start out to capture the men. They have every description of both men here in jail and believe they are members of the Dalton gang. The man supposed to be Arnett told the jailer that they might break his neck, but it would not move him to make a statement. His pal seems to show signs of weakening.

Crank Arrested in Time.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 7.—Elmer Rand, a young farmer of Elfin, Henry county, Mo., was arrested on his arrival in this city, a dispatch having been received to the effect that he was crazy and had announced his intention of going to Washington to see Mr. Cleveland. Rand was not violent and made no threats, but he said he had as good a right to be president as Cleveland had and he wanted to talk with President Cleveland about the matter.

Newby's Bill of Exceptions Filed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 7.—The bill of exceptions in the Newby appeal to the United States supreme court has been filed in the United States district court, but arguments on the question of admitting the appeal bond were not made, owing to United States District Attorney Shutt asking time to look over the bill, which was granted.

Industries Resuming Operations.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 7.—The Westinghouse Air Brake company, employing 1,300 men, has resumed operations in full after a long idleness. The Pittsburg Forge and Iron company, Black Diamond Steel works, and Dilworth, Porter & Co.'s spike mill are running full in all departments for the first time in several months.

Attachment on Ironwood, Mich.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—On application of Hawkins & Delafield, counsel, Judge Andrews has granted an attachment for $85,000 in an action brought by Hyde & Jackson, bankers, against the city of Ironwood, Mich., for breach of contract to purchase the waterworks now operated in that city.

A Challenge for the Vigilant.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—The Chronicle denies that the Vigilant is of the same type of vessel as the Navahoe, and maintains that the American boat is not able to cross the ocean. It challenges her to make the attempt at any time of the year.

Fatal Fall of a Preacher.

GREENVILLE, Ind., Nov. 7.—Rev. I. Spaulding, a Baptist clergyman of 60 years, fell from a load of straw, striking on the tongue of the wagon with his head. Death resulted instantly.

EXPOSITION IS CLOSED.

The Great World's Fair Ends Its Existence—The Attendance.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—The World's fair closed peacefully at sunset with a salute of minute guns and the lowering of all the flags.

The most noteworthy days in point of attendance were as follows:

Opening day	128,905	Ohio day	196,770
Infanta day	135,281	Vermont day	157,727
German day	165,089	Texas and N. M. day	228,878
Mass. day	145,894	Iowa day	180,5 2
Fourth July	283, 7	K. of H. day	215,643
Swedish day	129,873	Odd Fellows	195,210
Bohemian day	151,971	Indiana day	196,458
Austrian day	123,42	R. I. day	180,404
British day	168,76	Polish day	229,176
Illinois day	242,95	Chicago day	716,881
Roman Catholic	14 , 8	N. Dakota day	209,224
New York day	160,22	Conn. day	209,277
Wisconsin day	173,46	Italian day	276,879
Pennsylvania	206,46	Minn. day	221,607
California day	231,55	Manhattan day	290,317
Kansas, Silver	16 ,12	W. Wash. day	243,178
Maryland day	167,10	Amer. Mayors	240,732
Michigan day	160,12	Closing day	208,173

The attendance by months does not vary except by moving forward and upward in an accelerated degree. May's attendance was 1,050,037; June, 2,675,118; July, 2,760,263; August, 3,515,493; September, 4,659,871; October, 6,816,435.

Below are given figures comparing the attendance at the Centenial, Paris exposition, and the Columbian exposition:

1876—Total admissions, Philadelphia	9,610,966
1889—Total admissions, Paris	28,149,353
1893—Total admissions, Chicago	27,529,400
Best month of paid admissions, Philadelphia	2,314,520
Best month of paid admissions, Paris	5,246,701
Best month of paid admissions, Chicago	6,816,435
Best day of paid admissions, Philadelphia	274,919
Best day of paid admissions, Paris	397,000
Best day of paid admissions, Chicago	716,881

Low Price at Paris.

It is almost impossible to make comparisons with the Paris exposition on anything like an equitable basis, for the reason that at Paris the prices of admission varied with the days of the week and other conditions. On Sundays and evenings an extra ticket of admission was required. By buying a quantity of tickets or investing in a lottery scheme tickets of admission could be secured for as little as 10 cents in United States money. The highest price of admission was 1 franc. A comparative statement by months is as follows.

	Chicago.	Paris.
May	1,551,984	2,610,813
June	3,577,834	4,338,869
July	3,977,502	4,544,196
August	4,687,708	4,977,092
September	5,808,942	5,246,705
October	7,945,430	4,820,869
November		1,610,810

END OF THE STRUGGLE.

The Voorhees Repeal Bill Passed by the Senate and House and Signed.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The senate has passed the Voorhees bill repealing that portion of the Sherman law authorizing the purchase of silver by the treasury of the United States.

Following is the vote in detail: For repeal—Aldrich, Brice, Caffery, Camden, Cary, Cullom, Davis, Dixon, Dolph Faulkner, Frye, Gallinger, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Hale, Hawley, Higgins, Hill, Hunton, Lindsay, Lodge, McMillan, McPherson, Manderson, Mills, Mitchell, Murphy, Platt, Proctor, Quay, Ransom, Sherman, Smith, Squire, Stockbridge, Turpie, Vilas, Voorhees, Washburn, and White.

Again repeal: Allen, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Butler, Call, Cameron, Cockrell, Coke, Daniel, Dubois, George, Harris, Irby, Jones of Arkansas, Jones of Nevada, Kyle, Martin, Pasco, Peffer, Perkins, Pettigrew, Power, Pugh, Roach, Shoup, Stewart, Teller, Vance, Vest, Walthall, Wolcott.

The bill was taken to the house and was passed by a vote of 191 yeas to 94 nays. It was quickly transmitted to the president who affixed his signature and the bill is now a law.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—The senate and house have adjourned until the 1st Monday in December.

THE SWITCH WAS TURNED.

Fatal Wreck on the Illinois Central Road Near Ullin.

CAIRO, Ills., Nov. 6.—The fast Chicago and New Orleans vestibule train on the Illinois Central coming south was wrecked near Ullin, twenty miles north of here. The tender and a baggage and express car were turned over and three passenger coaches were derailed. Fireman Charles Harmond of Centralia, Ill., was caught under the tender and killed. A switch had been turned, probably by would-be train robbers, and the train ran out on a frail switch track leading to a limekiln in the woods.

The track gave way under the heavy train with the result stated. Two tramps stealing a ride on the blind baggage were also killed. The train consisted of ten vestibuled coaches, President Fish's private car, and a baggage and express car, the latter containing a large amount of money in a safe from New York, in care of Messenger Boyle and two guards. Boyle had his arm broken, but the guards escaped unhurt. None of the passengers were seriously injured, though all were given a shaking up they will long remember.

British Killed Near Rio Janeiro.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Official confirmation has been received here by the naval authorities of the death of two seamen and two marines and the injury of five others from the British warships Beagle, Racer and Sirus near Rio de Janeiro. It appears that the British vessels named landed a party near Rio de Janeiro in order to obtain a supply of sand for bolystoning the decks. During their stay ashore the British fatigue party approached an old Brazilian powder magazine which was prepared by a detachment of President Peixoto's soldiers. The latter seeing a number of seamen digging believed that they belonged to the rebel warships and, acting under orders, the Brazilians blew up the powder magazine and killed and injured the British sailors referred to.

Found Dead in His Office.

DENVER, Nov. 6.—Judge George G. Symes, ex-congressman from Colorado was found dead in his office in the Symes building. At first it was thought death had been caused by heart disease, but at the coroner's office it was learned it was a case of suicide, he having shot himself. The cause is unknown. Judge Symes' family is now in Europe.

Ex-Congressman Buckner Stricken.

MEXICO, Mo., Nov. 6.—While at the breakfast table ex-Congressman Buckner suffered a stroke of paralysis. His condition is regarded as extremely critical, and it is doubtful whether he will recover.

Death of Sir Andrew Clarke.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Sir Andrew Clarke is dead. He was Mr. Gladstone's physician and one of the most distinguished in the medical profession.

STONE FOUND GUILTY.

THE KILLING OF THE WRATTEN FAMILY TO BE AVENGED.

The Brutal Murderer of Six Persons Given a Very Brief Trial—Train Robbers in Arkansas and Tennessee—Conductor Killed in One Place.

WASHINGTON, Ind., Nov. 6.—James Stone was arraigned for the murder of the Wratten family. There was no trouble in getting a jury. The trial was brief. After about fifteen minutes' deliberation the jury returned a verdict of guilty of mur-

JAMES STONE.

der in the first degree. The Wratten family consisted of six persons, all of whom Stone murdered with a hatchet and corncutter for the purpose of robbery, but he secured nothing. Stone made a confession some time ago implicating five others in the murder, but later said that he alone was the culprit. He was sentenced to be hanged at Jeffersonville prison Feb. 16 next.

THE TRAIN ROBBER ABROAD.

He Makes His Appearance in Arkansas and Tennessee.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 6.—The southbound Iron Mountain train No. 51 was held up by seven masked bandits at Oliphant, a small station seven miles north of Newport. As soon as the train was brought to a standstill the gang began firing at once into the express car and a panic occurred among the crew and passengers. Conductor W. P. McNally, however, bravely rushed out to the platform and fired into the attacking party. His fealty to his employers cost him his life, as his shots were returned and he fell mortally wounded.

The express messenger was overpowered without much trouble and the safe forced open and emptied of its contents. Through with the express car, the robbers then turned their attention to the passenger coaches, and those who had not safely hid away their valuables were quickly relieved of them. How much the robbers secured has not yet been ascertained.

Train Robber Shot.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 6.—An attempt was made at the Coal Creek water tank, thirty miles north of here, to rob the express car of passenger train No. 15. The robbery was expected, as there were on board the train Captain J. J. Atkins, chief of police of Roanoke, Va., and N. S. Woodard, local agent at Knoxville. When the train stopped for water four men jumped on the platform of the car armed heavily and demanded that the messenger open the door. This was done, but instead of the lone messenger the would-be robbers were covered by half a dozen pistols. Firing in rapid succession from both sides commenced, when the robbers tried to escape. Two were captured, however, and will be brought here. One, who was mortally wounded, was identified as James Smith of this city, a tough character.

Burglar Shot and Woman Burned.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—Burglary followed by a fire at Wilmette early in the morning resulted in two deaths. Frank B. Wheeler's house on Lake avenue was the scene of the tragedy. He killed one of two burglars. While he was pursuing the second fire started in his house and burned his mother-in-law to death. The dead burglar had in his pocket a neatly bound, expensive copy of the New Testament. On a blank leaf was written Paul F. Logan, 382 Fremont street, Louisville, Ky., and "From Mother to Pa." From the condition of the body of Mr. Wheeler's mother-in-law it was evident that she had been assaulted by the burglars and that during the struggle a lamp had been upset, causing the house to take fire.

Brutal Burglars in Colorado.

LEADVILLE, Col., Nov. 6.—The home of Joseph Miscenta, at Graham Park, a short distance from here, was entered by three masked men and $11,000 in cash secured. Also a quantity of jewelry. The men forced the door open and while one guarded Miscenta the others brutally forced the wife to open the trunks and give up the money. The couple had a dying child in the house and begged the robbers to leave them at least $20. This was refused and the robbers disappeared as suddenly as they came.

Governor Boies' Condition.

WATERLOO, Ia., Nov. 6.—Governor Boies is suffering from a well-marked type of typho-malarial fever, which the attending physician reports under control. He is confined to his bed, resting as well as could be expected and is now able to retain a reasonable amount of liquid nourishment. With no serious complications a complete recovery may be looked for in the usual time.

Seed Wheat for Poor Settlers.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 6.—Forty thousand bushels of seed wheat has been forwarded to the impoverished settlers of western counties by the state board of railway commissioners. It is estimated that this amount will seed an acreage equal to that of the fall of 1891.

Four Negroes Lynched.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 6.—Information has been received from Lynchburg, Moore county, that four negroes were lynched on the Brookville turnpike eighteen miles from Lynchville. It is supposed they were lynched by negroes for barn burning.

Those Who Failed of Confirmation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—It is said that the president will issue temporary commissions good until the next meeting of congress to all those person nominated for public office, but who failed of confirmation by the senate.

AT REST IN THE TOMB.

Funeral Services Over the Remains of Mayor Harrison.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—At quite an early hour people began to gather in the vicinity of the city hall. All wanted a place from which to view the funeral procession of the late Mayor Harrison when it moved from the city hall. As it grew near the appointed time the different sections of the parade which were instructed to meet at the city hall began to appear, and finally when the casket was borne from its stately resting place in the city hall to the hearse the streets which bound the city hall and those adjacent to them were black with human beings. Then several squads of police cleared the way and the great procession moved. It went east on Washington street to Michigan avenue and south on Michigan avenue to Jackson street. Here it was more than doubled by the lake front contingent and the largest funeral procession ever seen in Chicago turned into Jackson street and marched west to the Church of the Epiphany at the corner of Adams street and Ashland boulevard.

From the church the procession accompanied the body, moving north on Ashland boulevard to Washington boulevard, to Desplaines street, to Randolph street, to Franklin, to Lake, to Dearborn street, across the river, on Dearborn avenue to North avenue. Here that part of the procession on foot disbanded. The mounted portion proceeded on North Clark street to Graceland cemetery.

Mayor Harrison's Assassin.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—P. E. J. Prendergast, the assassin of Mayor Harrison, came before Judge Dunne for trial. His attorneys secured a continuance of three weeks to enable them to study the case. The hearing was set for Nov. 27, therefore.

SWIFT THE WINNER.

He Is Elected Mayor Pro Tempore of the City of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—The mayor's office is locked and barred, policemen guard the council chamber, and the city hall is more or less in a state of siege. Chief of Police Brennan is in charge, and he declares that his intention is to keep the peace. "I am acting under the advice of Corporation Counsel Kraus," he said to a reporter.

"What is that advice?"

"It is simply to preserve the peace. I will arrest any alderman, be he Democrat or Republican, who breaks it."

In the meantime both sides are still fighting. The Republicans contend that George B. Swift was legally elected and insist that no further ballot is necessary. They will adhere to this, and now have all their aldermen in line. The Democrats are not so united. The big majority, under the lead of Alderman McGillen, still say that no election was had and one or more ballots must be had before a mayor can be elected. There are, however, some dissenters from this position.

There was a gathering of the Democratic minority in the council chamber at 11 o'clock, but nothing was done. It was impossible to take any action in the mayoralty fight without a majority of the entire council being present, and after indulging in considerable useless talk, the meeting adjourned to convene again at 5 p. m. In the meantime the Republicans were holding a caucus and the leaders took the precaution to lock them up until the regular meet of the council at 7:30 in the evening, when Swift was formally elected mayor by a vote of 62 to 5 for McGillen and 1 blank.

SANTANDER'S TERRIBLE DISASTER.

So Far the Known the Death List Reaches 178—Tales of Divers.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—A dispatch to the Daily News from Madrid says that according to the figures received there 178 persons were killed by the explosion at Santander. It is impossible to say how many are missing. Relief of all kinds is rapidly being sent to the stricken town. Divers began the work of rescuing the bodies from the sea, but they became so appalled at the number of bodies which they found that they refused to proceed, and begged the authorities not to compel them to continue their terrifying task. They said fishes had begun preying on the corpses. Many of them were badly mutilated. Owing to the repugnance of the divers to finish the work grappling irons have been employed to extricate the bodies from the sea.

The number of dead, missing and injured is still unknown. It is certain that the number will reach 1,000. Many persons are dying from their wounds and several are expected to die as a result of the fright they experienced at the time of the explosion. Lopez Doriga, a naval officer who was an eye witness of the explosion, asserts that there were at least 1,000 cases of dynamite of thirty-five kilos each on board the steamer.

EULOGY OF THE DEAD.

Luther Laflin Mills on the Late Mayor of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—It was a beautiful eulogy of the dead mayor that fell from the lips of Luther Laflin Mills. There were 4,000 people packed in the vast auditorium of the People's institute to hear the tribute he paid to the life and character of Carter H. Harrison, and they listened with reverential attention to the speaker's words and hung upon his eloquence as he pictured the manliness, honesty and strength of the murdered mayor. Bishop Fallows presided.

The services began with the singing of the Portuguese hymn and America by the audience. "The Funeral March in Memoriam" was rendered by its author, Herbert W. Langan. L. Olstrom and Mrs. Susie Bushnell sang "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" and "Where Is Heaven?" The Rev. W. B. Clark offered a prayer and then Bishop Fallows introduced Mr. Mills, who paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Mayor Harrison.

Refused to Obey a State Law.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 6.—Something of a sensation was caused on the south side by the refusal of Rev. Father Bernard to allow Dr. Barchfeld, the city physician, to vaccinate the 400 pupils in the parochial school of his parish. The law requires all school children to be vaccinated and Superintendent Baker, of the bureau of health, threatens to test the matter in court.

New Navy for Brazil.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The work of fitting out a new navy for Brazil goes on as fast as the men can do the work. The Destroyer is in the dry dock being scraped and made ready for sea service. Preparations on El Cid are nearing completion and work will be begun on the Britannia. The other ships will follow and it is said that by Nov. 14 the fleet will be ready for sea.

PRAIRIE STATE ITEMS.

INTERESTING NEWS NOTES CONCERNING ILLINOISANS.

Telegraphic Reports of Crimes, Casualties, and Miscellaneous Happenings from Different Parts of the State—News Prepared for Illinois Readers.

RUSHVILLE, Ills., Nov. 4.—A bloody battle occurred at the residence of William Knouse, in Bainbridge township. Officers B. H. Ingles and Charles Louden, of this place, went there to arrest Charles Robertson. A dance was going on when they arrived. When the officers told Robertson they wanted him he and his brother Alexander attacked them with revolvers and knives and a dozen men assisted the Robertsons with clubs. Ingles was stabbed in the back and face several times and beaten over the head with a stove leg.

Louden, in order to save their lives, used his revolver, perhaps fatally wounding Seth Hatfield, who was shot through the mouth and head, Grover Rittenhouse was shot in the side and a bullet struck Alex Robertson in the head. Charles Robertson attempted to kill Louden, but his revolver missed fire. Many women and girls were present, but they fled and escaped injury. Both officers, though seriously injured, finally overpowered Robertson and his friends, and captured the prisoner.

RUSHVILLE, Ills., Nov. 6.—Officer Louden has been put under bonds to answer two charges of intent to kill made by Seth Hatfield and Rittenhauser, two of the men who tried to kill the officers in Bainbridge township when they tried to arrest Charles Robertson at a dance. Robertson, who was the cause of the trouble, pleaded guilty to the charge of disorderly, upon which the arrest was made, and was let off with a small fine. He was, however, held in $500 bonds for the assault on the officers.

ON TRIAL FOR PATRICIDE.

A Son Who Is Charged With a Most Horrible Crime.

MORRISON, Ills., Nov. 7.—The case of the people against Ernest Swarthout for the murder of Albert M. Swarthout, father of the defendant, is on trial here. When court adjourned eight jurors had been chosen by each side and four others accepted by the prosecution. The charge is that Ernest Swarthout and his brother John on the evening of Nov. 10, 1892, murdered their father and tried to burn his body in a straw stack. In this they failed and then in order to make identification impossible hacked the face and other portions of his body to pieces, and the defense is that the body found is not that of A. M. Swarthout. John Swarthout died in jail of consumption July 10 last.

Of Interest to Fraternal Societies.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 2.—A recent decision handed down by the supreme court in the case of the Railway Passenger and Freight Conductors' Aid and Benevolent Benefit association against Robinson affirms that the association had no right to reject a claim for insurance which had been carried in good faith and the assessments paid. It also holds that fraternal insurance companies can be sued to enforce payment of insurance in the county where the claimant resides.

Powder Mill Blown Up.

ALTON, Ills., Nov. 2.—One of the mills belonging to the Equitable Powder company exploded at East Alton. As luck would have it the explosion occurred at 7 o'clock, just when one set of workmen had gone off duty and the other set had not yet arrived. The explosion made a terrible noise and the flames lighted up the country for miles around. So far as can be learned no one was injured, which seems almost miraculous.

Fired into a Crowd of Children.

MARSHALL, Ills., Nov. 2. — Jacob Schweitzer was annoyed by parties of boys and girls throwing stones, gravel and corn against his house and upon the porch. He finally fired into the party, severely wounding Cora Detrick. Violence was threatened against the old man, but better counsel prevailed and the law will be allowed to take its course.

Newby's Bill of Exceptions Filed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 7.—The bill of exceptions in the Newby appeal to the United States supreme court has been filed in the United States district court, but arguments on the question of admitting the appeal bond were not made, owing to United States District Attorney Shutt asking time to look over the bill, which was granted.

Released from the Receivers.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 2.—Judge Allen, in the United States circuit court, by consent of the parties concerned, has issued a decree releasing the Litchfield, Carrollton and Western railroad from the receivers of the Jacksonville Southeastern, and surrendering the road to Vice President Henry S. Carroll.

Church Celebration Abandoned.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 4.—The grand state celebration of the centennial of the establishment of Methodist Episcopal church in Illinois, to have been held in this city next Monday, has been abandoned, owing to the impossibility of getting the railroads to make satisfactory rates.

Fatal Fall from a Tree.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., Nov. 6.—Adam Roth, a prominent farmer residing a few miles south of here, was climbing a pecan tree when a limb gave way and he fell fifty feet to the ground. He did not regain consciousness, and died two hours later. He was about 40 years of age.

Building Association Presidents May Vote.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 7.—Attorney General Moloney has rendered an opinion that presidents of building and loan associations, being required by law to be stockholders, as such stockholders are entitled to vote upon all questions before the association.

Noted Illinois Physician Dead.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 4.—Dr. Isaac Simpson Hughes, one of the most prominent physicians and surgeons in central Illinois, and present commander of Stephenson post No. 30, G. A. R., died last evening, aged 49 years.

Fatally Hurt in a Runaway Accident.

LINCOLN, Ills., Nov. 2.—Charles F. Zollars, a student in Lincoln university, was injured in a runaway accident, sustaining a concussion of the brain, and physicians say he cannot live.

THE NEWS CONDENSED

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Milton White, son of ex-supreme Judge White of Austin, Tex., committed suicide by morphine. He led a dissipated life.

Mina Sommers, 16 years old, of Addieville, Ills., assaulted by Herman Lamke, has been adjudged insane. Lamke is still in jail.

L. Schoolherr of Austin, Tex., one of the largest dry goods dealers in the state, made an assignment for the benefit of preferred creditors. Assets about $80,000.

Everett Chauncey Bumpus of the freshman class at Harvard, has been totally blind since he was 6 years of age. He is a son of Judge E. C. Bumpus of Quincy, Mass., and is 20 years of age.

Sarah Maher, milliner of Estherville, Ia., committed suicide by blowing out her brains in a fit of insanity.

Samuel Vangrieven, formerly a photographer of Keokuk, Ia., cut his throat there with a razor. No reason is known for his suicide.

* * *

Mrs. A. E. Harrison, a canvasser for publications in the interest of an anti-Romanist organization, was run over and killed in the railroad yards at Rock Island, Ills.

The body of Thomas Franc was found hanging on a tree on the banks of Bear lake west of Hancock, Mich. It was evident he had been hanging there for a long time. There were no marks of violence.

Queen Victoria is to leave Balmoral either on Nov. 16 or 17, and will then reside at Windsor castle until about Dec. 20, when the court is to proceed to Osborn for two months. Her majesty will go abroad just after Easter.

Judge Friedly, at Madison, Wis., granted an injunction restraining the council from purchasing a new fire alarm system for $5,000, owing to a large indebtedness.

Dewane W. Dower was fatally burned by the explosion of gas in his home at Fairmount, Ind.

In Hong Kong and Shanghai there is no duty on spirits.

* * *

John Gustafson, found in the river at Cannon Falls, Minn., did not commit suicide, as was supposed. He was murdered.

Dr. William R. Wales, alias Robinson, was arrested at Logansport, Ind. He is wanted by the authorities at Buffalo, N. York., for jumping his bail bond of $1,000.

Edgar H. Palmer, a lawyer of Vermillion, O., 50 years old, threw himself in front of a train and was killed. Financial reverses the cause.

Harvey Clay, aged 16 years, while indulging in holloween pranks at Canton, O., was shot and dangerously injured by W. E. Joseph, who mistook him for a burglar.

The Patriotic Sons of America, of Chester, Pa., will erect a monument to General Lafayette on the spot where he was wounded near Birmingham.

Three robbers broke jail at Steubenville, O., and are still at liberty.

* * *

Philip Lint was sentenced to state prison for life for the murder of Levan Poynton at North Liberty, Ind., last July.

At Richmond, Ind., the 2-year-old child of James Middagh was burned to death, its clothes taking fire from an open stove.

D. C. Snyder of Tipton county, Ind., convicted in 1876 and sentenced for life for poisoning his wife, has been pardoned.

Joseph Bater of Big Rapids, Mich., had both legs cut off while stealing a ride on a freight train.

Captain "Jack" Adams, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., who has been seriously ill in Chicago for several weeks, has arrived at his home in Lynn, Mass.

A. P. Boswell & Co.'s hardware store, at Coffeyville, Kan., was entered, and cash, notes and certificates of deposit to the amount of $18,161 stolen.

Frederick P. Young, formerly of Springfield, Mo., confessed at Denver that he had been a thief for twenty years.

John Donohue, a shoemaker of Fort Scott, Kan., was found dead in jail. He was standing upright in a natural position near the window when found.

* * *

The president has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, Nov. 30, as Thanksgiving day.

Twenty-four new cases of yellow fever developed at Brunswick, Ga.

The grand jury of the Central criminal court of London have expressed the unanimous opinion that the lash should be used upon men guilty of aggravated assault upon young children.

John Dulinski was killed and Peter Vulca terribly hurt by a fall of rock while blasting at Minooka, Pa.

S. B. Huff, a painter, fell down an elevator shaft at St. Paul, Minn., breaking his neck.

Senator Peffer's daughter Nellie is clerk of his committee and his son Jake is a senate messenger. His wife is his clipping agent and makes his newspaper scrap books.

John E. Foulkes and Thomas Howard were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for bribery at Patterson, N. J. They will appeal.

John G. Glisson, former business man of Memphis, Tenn., was fatally stabbed by a negro porter in Louisville, Ky.

Thousands of Dollars

Mr. S. G. Derry.

I spent trying to find a cure for **Salt Rheum**, which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down in bed, **could not walk without crutches**, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take **Hood's Sarsaparilla** and soon I could see a change. The flesh became more healthy, the **sores soon healed**, the scales fell off, I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 3 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache. Try them.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription..... $2.50
Six Months..... 1.25
Single Copies..... 05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 11, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Rosina Vokes.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—James T. Powers.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—The Bostonians.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Mr. Richard Mansfield.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Thomas W. Keene.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Policemen's Annual Benefit, "Country Circus."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Comedians.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Nellie McHenry.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"After the Ball."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE VINDICTIVE IRISH PRESS.

The fiend of faction seems to have turned into gall and wormwood the milk of human kindness in Ireland. The tone of the Irish National press, of both factions, is decidedly unchristian. It is not pleasant to read rejoicings over the misfortunes of our neighbors, even if they do not think as we do. How can a nation recover freedom whose sons seem to hate one another more than they do the common enemy of their country? The *Irish Weekly Independent*, of Oct. 28, in a savage article, headed "Exit Davitt," says:

"Will Michael Davitt ever pause and speculate on his lost life? Away from the turmoils of a bitter strife, in sileace and at night, will he, when his conscience tells him all he has lost and all he might have won, how he soared towards the sun of his ambition and but scorched his wings and fell, will he curse the fate that undone him and the men who deserted him?—the men who put him up as a poor thing to be champion of the religious frenzy, which was the terror and hate of his earlier years. The men who took him up grudgingly into their ranks, and, having accepted him, fooled him to the top of his bent. The punishment of the Great Betrayal is upon these people—the things, creatures of an English minister—who kissed and forsook our peerless Parnell. A great retribution is worked out in many ways. 'The mills of God grind slowly,' but justice comes swift and terrible on many evil-doers. And what greater crime is there against the God of nations than the betrayal of a people? Mr. Healy and Mr. Sullivan are never heard of in the courts; Mr. Morrogh is gone back to Africa, Mr. Barr returns to Scotland, Mr. Deasy resides in Cork, Mr. O'Brien has faded out of public life, Mr. Dillon is a laughing stock, Mr. McCarthy, a poor, weak puppet, sneered at by his own party, Mr. Sexton lost in periodical retirement, and now Mr. Davitt, bankrupt—tchabod! The glory has peparted frow the house of the Betrayers!"

That Michael Davitt is constitutionally inconsistent, and, occasionally, outrageously intolerant, THE CITIZEN will not deny, but that he is the fallen, helpless, hopeless being the *Independent* paints him, we will not admit. He has his good points, but he made a mistake in forsaking the straight and narrow path of Irish nationality to pursue the ignis fatuus of Universal Brotherhood and British alliance. THE CITIZEN really regrets Mr. Davitt's mistakes, but it does not consider him worthy the cruel taunts hurled at him by our Dublin contemporary.

How, in the name of common-sense, can the average Englishman—pig-headed and prejudiced enough by nature—have any confidence in Irish statesmanship when the *Independent*, and other Parnellite papers, denounce Davitt as a political wreck, Dillon as "a laughing-stock," which, by the way, he never could be under any circumstances, and McCarthy as "a poor, weak puppet?" The return fire of the anti-Partellite press is equally vindictive. These attacks are copied, and gloated over, in the English press. How, we say, can Englishmen be blamed if, reading such reckless, and damaging, stuff they refuse to commit the government of Ireland to men thus painted by their own countrymen, who, certainly, ought to know them better than Englishmen? Viewing the matter from an impartial standpoint, THE CITIZEN is compelled to observe, that a speedy recovery of their senses, or a universal political death of her present representatives, seems Ireland's only hope under such circumstances. The Irish national press, as at present conducted, is a disgrace to Irish patriotism, common decency and human nature.

MAYOR GEORGE B. SWIFT.

The row in the city council, which at one time threatened to be serious, if not disgraceful, was happily settled on Monday night by the election of the Hon. George B. Swift as mayor pro tem. Ald. McGillen got a large complimentary vote, and acted very gracefully at the close of the proceedings. Mr. Swift is a veteran in the public service, having served many terms as alderman. He was Mayor Roche's efficient commissioner of public works, and, in every capacity, has proved himself a man of affairs. The administration of this great city will be safe in his keeping. He is still in the prime and vigor of life, and is, moreover, familiar with every detail of the city's business. Although an aggressive Republican, he has many warm friends among his political opponents, and, now that the trouble is over, he will be loyally supported by the different branches of the city government. THE CITIZEN congratulates Mayor Swift on his victory, and it has no doubt he will win additional honors in the discharge of the duties committed to his care.

The omission to definitely provide for the succession to the mayoral chair, in the event of the death of the incumbent, is an example of the carelessness, or thoughtlessness, which occasionally afflicts our system of legislation. Nationally, we were very nearly in the same state of confusion, until the unexpected death of Vice-President Hendricks opened the eyes of congress to our danger. The passage of the act vesting the succession temporarily in the different members of the cabinet, according to order of precedence, in case of the death of both the president and the vice-president during their terms of office, was a wise and necessary precaution. All the imperfect statutes bearing on official succession should be overhauled, and amended, at the very first opportunity. The calm good sense of the American people nearly always shows them the right road, in moments of difficulty, but to leave official succession unprovided for is simply to tempt providence.

AN IRISH-CANADIAN FLUNKEY.

The grovelling *Canadian Freeman*, which is published at Kingston, Ont., says, editorially, in its issue of the 1st inst.:

"The Irish people of Chicago have been getting 'down the banks' in the anti-Catholic press and are receiving the blame for pulling down the Union Jack from over the Irish village at the World's Fair last week. Well, oftentimes people are blamed in the wrong, and this appears to be one of the times. Lady Aberdeen is in a position to know all about the occurrence and listen to what her ladyship has to say about it: 'I saw it stated that several thousands of Irishmen aided in the pulling down of the British flag at the Irish village in Chicago exhibition on Saturday. I was present and I know that only a few roughs participated in the incident, and that there were the strongest of indications that the Irishmen present, had no sympathy whatever with the attempted outrage. Indeed, the president of the National Federation made an offer to me to prosecute the offenders to the utmost rigor of the law at his own expense, and I saw many other evidences of the fact that the trouble was confined to a very few roughs. These facts I would like to have published as widely as possible, for I feel that much harm may arise from a misrepresentation of the actual occurrence.' It would not have been well for the rascals if the Irish people of Chicago had caught them in the act. Because a few roughs did a disgraceful act, that is no reason why millions of Irishmen should have to shoulder the blame."

Mr. Patrick Daly, "publisher and sole proprietor" of the *Canadian Freeman*, is grossly deceived by the deludherin' tongue of Lady Aberdeen. The Irish people of Chicago feel deeply grateful to the brave and spirited young men who hauled down, and danced upon, the British Union Jack, insolently hoisted over an alleged Irish village by the Aberdeens and their myrmidons. We wonder what the British "Impire" has ever done for any decent Irishmen, in Canada or elsewhere, that he should think the hauling down of its abominable flag, from a place in which it did not properly belong, was "a disgraceful act." The flunkey spirit of some people of our race, who ought to know better, is the most discouraging thing about the Irish movement. There is no need for Irishmen to eat dirt, even if they live under the shadow of the English flag. Let the British do their own dirty-work. In any case, it is a piece of insufferable insolence, as well as a brazen lie, for the *Canadian Freeman* to assert that the Irish people of Chicago, or elsewhere, would have punished the men who trailed the Union Jack in the mud, "if they had caught them in the act." We think we know the brave young men who did that commendable act, and we would not give a hair of their heads for all the lickspittle editors that seek to curry favor with "the base, bloody and brutal"—the words are O'Connell's—British Whigs or Tories. Shame upon such journalistic scullions!

M'KINLEY PULVERIZES FREE TRADE.

Both optics of Free Trade and Idle Mills are closed for repairs, heavily draped in mourning also, in Ohio. McKinley has conquered Larry Neal there by an overwhelming plurality—estimated to be not less than 85,000. This is an object lesson, with a vengeance, to the Bourbon doctrinaires, who were going to smash everything, clean out the "robber tariff" and dump the fabrics of all the world, duty free, upon our shores, according to the Chicago platform of June, 1892. Now they have their answer. They have also heard, in unmistakable tones, from New York, Iowa and other states that voted last November for their insane economic policy. The indorsement of McKinley brings joy to the American heart, and woe to the Cobden Free Trade Clubs and the low tariff newspapers of the United States. Theories are all very fine, but when mills, and looms and spindles, and blast furnaces, become idle, the workingmen of America, the wool growers, and all citizens engaged in industrial pursuits, wisely conclude that it is about time to sit down on such an antiquated, suicidal policy.

Glory to God! the day is ours—Carlisle
has turned his rein!
The "Prophet" yells for quarter, and
Larry Neal is slain!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the Buckeye State has
laid the Bourbons low!
Hurrah for brave McKinley and gallant
O-hi-o!

MANCHESTER MARTYRS' CELEBRATION.

The twenty-sixth anniversary of the execution of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, will be held in Central Music Hall, State and Randolph streets, on Monday evening, Nov. 20, instead of on the 23d of the month as heretofore. The reason for the change is that the hall, which is a favorite rendezvous of the Irish Nationalists, could not be obtained for the 23d, as it was pre-engaged. However, the date fixed upon is near enough to the proper one to satisfy all requirements. A very large attendance is looked for. The chair will be taken by Senator Joseph P. Mahony, and the orators will be the Hon. Christopher A. Gallagher, of Minneapolis, Minn., and the Rev. Father D. P. O'Brien, of this city. Mr. Gallagher has already won golden opinions in Chicago, as an orator, and Father O'Brien is a patriotic clergyman, whose love of Irish liberty has made his name dear to Irish Nationalists everywhere. In addition to the speaking, there will be an an excellent musical programme, which will include both vocal and instrumental nnmbers. THE CITIZEN hopes that the celebration will be in everyway worthy of the occasion, and of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago.

THE TRANSPLANTED ORANGEMEN.

The St. Paul, Minn., *Globe* of Monday, Nov. 6, publishes a full expose of the infamous and treasonable Order known as the "A. P. A.," or American Protective Association. The *Globe*, in introducing the ritual, which is lengthy and tedious, points out that the whole base business is closely copied after the ritual of the Orange Order in Ireland, and that, when properly investigated, it will be found that nearly all the lodges of the A. P. A. started in the United States have had Irish Orangemen for their founders. The *Globe* says, further: "C. L. Coleman, the presiding officer of the local council and the most active organizer, if not, indeed, the individual originally introducing the Order here (St. Paul) is a North of Ireland Irishman, consequently presumed to be an Orangeman."

THE CITIZEN has not the space to print all the rigmarole of the A. P. A. ritual, but the oath, which is the gist of the whole scoundrelly business is published by the *Globe* as follows:

"I do most solemnly promise and swear that I will not allow any one a member of the Roman Catholic church to become a member of this Order, I knowing him to be such; that I will use my influence to promote the interests of all Protestants, everywhere in the world; that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity, if I can procure the services of a Protestant; that I will not aid in building, or in maintaining, by my resources, any Roman Catholic church or institution of that sect or creed whatsoever, but will do all in my power to retard and break down the power of the Pope; that I will not enter into any controversy with a Roman Catholic upon the subject of this Order, nor will I enter into any agreement with a Roman Catholic to strike or create a disturbance, whereby the Roman Catholic employes may undermine and substitute the Protestants; that in all grievances I will seek only Protestants, and counsel with them, to the exclusion of all Roman Catholics, and will not make known to them anything of any nature matured at such conferences; that I will not countenance the nomination, in any caucus or convention, of a Roman Catholic for any office in the gift of the American people, and that I will not vote for, nor counsel others to vote for, any Roman Catholic, but will vote only for a Protestant: that I will endeavor at all times to place political positions of this government in the hands of Protestants. (Repeat.) To all of which I do most solemnly promise and swear, so help me God. Amen."

Men who subscribe to the foregoing vile oath are conspirators against the American constitution and traitors to the great government of the United States. A law ought to be passed defining all such societies as treasonable, and, on conviction, their members should be either hanged or banished beyond the confines of the Republic. America has no room for such wretches. They should find a habitation in Great Britain, Ulster or Canada. Fortunately the Catholics of America are quite able to protect themselves, if assailed, but the government should be empowered by law to make the existence of such conspiracies impossible under the Starry Flag.

MILLS AND MEDILL ON HARRISON.

The oration delivered by the Hon. Luther Laflin Mills in memory of Carter H. Harrison, at a memorial meeting in this city last Sunday, was worthy of his reputation as an orator of the first class, and was especially gracious as coming from a political opponent of the late Mayor. It is a pity that Mr. Mills is not heard from often, outside the legal arena, in which he has so few rivals in forensic eloquence. In the same connection, the Hon. Joseph Medill, also a political opponent of the murdered Mayor, has been heard from in distant California. His remarks took the shape of a newspaper interview. Like Mr. Mills, he was lenient to poor Carter's imperfections—entirely political, by the way—and gave him credit for the good sterling American manhood that was in him. Poor Carter! If he can only hear on the other side, he will readily forgive Messrs. Mills and Medill all the hard political pounding they gave him during his troublous career in Chicago.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A long statement appeared in Saturday's Chicago *Tribune*, from the pen of T. J. Mackey, of a Los Angeles, Cal., paper, in which credit for the capture of a rebel flag, single handed, from Gen. Hagood's brigade at Yellow Tavern, Va., was given to a Captain *Bailey*, of Council Bluffs, Ia. The writer is mistaken. The hero of that deed was Colonel, then Captain, Dennis B. Dailey, of Council Bluffs, a native of county Galway, Ireland, who has Gen. Hagood's letter of identification in his possession. Col. Dailey is a leading lawyer of the Iowa town.

MR. BARRY'S RESIGNATION.

Mr. John Barry, of Wexford, an anti-Parnellite M.P., disgusted with the factions, usurpations and chicanery practiced by his "wing" of the Irish Parliamentary party, has sent a letter of resignation to his constituents in which he says:

"While regular and systematic meetings of the party are denied and policy is secretly forced on by the intrigues of the individuals mainly responsible for the mistakes of the past, I care not to remain in parliament. The horror of the country for dissension and the necessity for unity are the levers employed by men of small discretion and great self-confidence to stifle public judgment and secure a free hand for their schemes, without fear of criticism. We have been told by those who are most active in preventing meetings of the party, that those matters should be discussed privately in the councils of the party. I reply that of late there is no council in the Irish party. Meetings are refused without requisitions; if requisitions are tendered they are treated as a challenge; personal issues are raised; wire-pulling intrigue becomes active; confidence is removed, and, instead of subjects being considered on their merits, they come before the party meeting, either prejudiced by a decision already taken or by the fear of the effect of a vote in provoking a crisis in our ranks. While such a regime continues, backed up by captured and emasculated newspapers, and the nominee system in the National representation is allowed to enfeeble and subjugate the party, I prefer to work in the National cause beyond the walls of parliament."

Mr. Barry's words are brave and timely, and should have the effect of checking the gross abuses of which he justly complains. Plain speaking is absolutely necessary in the present crisis of Irish affairs. Now, indeed, the loss of the great, strong hand, and potential intellect of Mr. Parnell are sadly missed in Irish councils. It is comparatively easy to unmake a gifted leader, but it is almost impossible to create one when he is most needed.

A POSSIBLE LIBEL ON SEXTON.

There is a statement going the rounds of the press that Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P., is about to have an Irish office under the Gladstone government. We hope the rumor is merly a political libel on Mr. Sexton. The acceptance of office by him, until Ireland has a government of her own, would be, very justly, regarded as a "sell out" to the enemy, and his future usefulness, except as a Whig hack, would be destroyed. Acceptance of office under the British crown has been the fetid grave of many a previously brilliant Irish reputation. Richard Lalor Shiel—more eloquent than even Mr. Sexton—buried himself in such a grave. William Keogh, another firefly orator, commited political suicide, precursor of his physical suicide, under circumstances more disgraceful. Thomas O'Hagan, M.J. Barry and John O'Hagan are interred in the same official mire. THE CITIZEN cannot believe that the gifted Mr. Sexton would so disgrace himself.

JUDGE GARY'S TRIUMPH.

THE CITIZEN, at the outset of the campaign, and to the end, advocated, and predicted, the re-election of Judge Gary, and he has been triumphantly re-elected to the seat on the superior court bench which he has so worthily filled during thirty years. Gov. Altgeld did his utmost to defeat the judge, and now he is liable to do considerable talking to himself in his retirement at Springfield. It is evident that the governor, as a commentator on legal practice in our Chicago courts of justice, and as a censor of the supreme court of the state of Illinois, is not a howling success. The florid flag is sunk deep in the clam chowder, and is likely to remain there until Gabriel sounds his trumpet on the final morning.

BILIOUS BIGOTS AFTER THE GAELS.

Some bilious and nervous, perhaps also bigoted, cranks, who inhabit the neighborhood of Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street, have looked with prejudiced eyes on the healthful, muscle-building Sunday games of the Gaelic Athletic Association for several months. The cranks want "an American Sawbath," which means long faces, cupboard drinks and sour silence. They began their attacks on the Gaels during the Washburne regime, and, with the malignant persistency of their kind, have kept it up ever since. Now, we are informed, by the *Herald*, that "Master in Chancery Butler has concluded the taking of evidence in the dispute between the Gaelic Athletic Association and the residents in the neighborhood of Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue over the use of the club grounds for Sunday games. Many witnesses were examined on both sides and a recommendation is now made by the master that an injunction be issued restraining the association from holding Sunday games on the grounds. The master finds that the noise and the shouting and the collection of large crowds at the games, and certain actions of the contestants, are nuisances, from which the complainants are entitled to relief. The matter was brought into the courts last spring, when residents of the neighborhood filed a bill in chancery asking for an injunction. Before that time the club secured the passage of an ordinance by the council permitting Sunday play and also an amusement license. After the filing of the bill by Attorney Charles F. Davies, he took the matter before Master Rogers who, on taking testimony, recommended that the injunction should be granted and Judge Orr issued a restraining order. The club then went before Judge Horton, who upon argument dissolved the order and the grounds have been used each Sunday for games. The fight was kept up, however, by Attorney Davies, who got permission from Judge Horton to refer to Master Butler. The report now made will be presented to the court in a few days."

Now, if the noise complained of were occasioned by a gospel prayer meeting, where ecstatic brethren and sistern might howl themselves hoarse in prayers for salvation; or by an A.P.A. lodge in full cry after "foreigners" and Catholics, we much fear the cranks alluded to would be much more tolerant. But Irish health, and heft and heartiness—the offspring of sound constitutions transmitted by healthy progenitors—arouse the green-eyed monster in the breasts of the dyspeptic and gloomy persons who have made the complaint. Incapable of enjoyment themselves they hate to see other people happy. Race hatred and religious bigotry have, doubtless, more to do with the anti-Gaelic movement than aught else that can be imagined.

EX-PREMIER TAAFE.

A curious coincidence characterizes the fact that Count Taafe, the Austrian premier, should lay down the cares of office just at a time when MacMahon laid down the burden of life. Count Taafe—Baron of Ballymonte according to his official Irish title—has filled government appointments of various kinds in the Austro-Hungarian empire since 1857, and has been for the last fourteen years prime minister of that great nation—a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of modern European statesmanship. He is and has been for over a generation the bosom friend, counsellor and guide of Franz Joseph, the Emperor.

The Count might have gone to his grave a premier, if he had consented to remain untrue to principle; but like MacMahon of France, he was scrupulously and chivalrously loyal to his duty to his country. Some time ago, with the consent and approval of his sovereign, he introduced into the Reichsrath a reform bill, having for its object the extension of the parliamentary franchise to manhood suffrage. This measure, which was of a thoroughly radical character, aroused the ire of the upper and middle classes whose representatives in the legislature vehemently opposed it as a danger and menace to the empire. This attitude on their part was all the more ridiculous when it became known that the Emperor himself was heartily in favor of the project. The Reactionaries and the Ultramontanes, who up to the date of this crisis supported Taafe's policy, have now abandoned him. THE CITIZEN regrets to add that several Polish members also, who should have loved the cause of liberty and democracy better, allied themselves with the aristocrats, and the hoary, unprogressive and antiquated noodles who are inveterate enemies of the rights of the people. The Premier determined to stake his political existence on the bill. "If you reject this measure of relief for the poor man, who has as much claim to a vote as the most blue-blooded patrician among you," he exclaimed, "you will arouse in the masses a revolutionary frenzy that might threaten the very supremacy and existence of this parliament."

The Premier's warning fell on deaf ears. These dainty gentlemen who form the majority of the Reichsrath would not confer the privilege of citizens on the horny-handed sons of toil. One of their number in the house had the effrontery to assert that these "mere workingmen were too ignorant to be trusted with such a privilege!" The result was that County Taafe's bill was rejected by an overwhelming majority, and was immediately followed by the resignation of that statesman. His surrender of the seals of office has caused the utmost sensation throughout the empire. The masses are justly indignant at the treatment which his bill received at the hands of the majority. Confusion prevails in political circles. A grave crisis has been reached in the history of the nation. There is no public man who is fit to don the mantle that has fallen from the shoulders of the ex-Premier, who alone was able to mold the score or so of parliamentary cliques and parties into a unit, on any and every occasion, until he laid before them his proposals for manhood suffrage. So far the Emperor has been unable to secure the services of another premier.

THE 7TH REGIMENT COMPLIMENTED.

The Seventh Regiment Illinois National Guards, formerly the Hibernian Rifles, has scored a flattering success. The following letter from First Brigade Headquarterters will explain itself:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARD, CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 6, 1893—*Commanding Officer of Seventh Infantry I. N. G., City, Sir.*—The general commanding directs me to thank you for the presence of the Seventh Infantry upon the occasion of the funeral of Mayor Harrison, and to express his appreciation of the promptness with which you reported, and the creditable appearance made by your command. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

WM. N. PELOUZE,
Assistant Adjutant General.

AMONG the orators who did most potent service for Gov. McKinley and Protection in Ohio, was our ever eloquent friend, the Hon. A. L. Morrison, of Santa Fe, N.M., formerly of this city.

IT seems to us that the memory of Mr. Parnell is not honored by the virulent faction fight perpetuated in his name by the Irish national newspapers.

THE Queen's Own Shanks has (or have) arrived in Ireland, as we note by the following cablegram: "Dublin, Nov. 6.—Lord Mayor Shanks, who has just returned from Chicago, where he was the guest of the city, today gave an account of his visit to the corporation. He denied the truth of the statements published of an alleged scene arising from the speech he made at a banquet in Chicago. Upon the conclusion of the lord mayor's remarks the corporation unanimously adopted a vote of thanks to the citizens of Chicago for the reception they accorded the lord mayor."

NEARLY all the portraits of "Nationalists" printed in the Irish papers, display single eye glawses, hair parted in the middle, or both. If all Ireland be fashioned so, the English conquest is complete.

NAPOLEON MCKINLEY has won his Marengo. Now for Austerlitz.

HON. GEORGE R. DAVIS has written a letter, in reply to County Clerk Wulff, stating that, owing to pressure of private affairs, health somewhat impaired by his three years close attention to the duties of Director General of the World's Fair, and his still unsevered connection with the latter office, he cannot be considered a candidate for mayor in December.

THE Lake Street Elevated railroad is now in full blast. It was patronized by 50,000 people on Monday, which was an excellent beginning. The road is a monument to the zeal and ability of the Hon. John A. Roche, president; Col. H. P. Thompson, vice-president, and the other officers of the much needed rapid transit thoroughfare.

THE Irish Nationalists of Tuam and the Rev. Father Curran, are having a lively controversy over the burial of a young man, named Thomas Mooney—a Parnellite—who recently died in Galway jail, where he was imprisoned for assault on a political opponent. The body was brought to Tuam for burial, and the Rev. Father Curran, it is

charged, refused to give it the last rites, on the ground that the dead man had not performed his Easter duties. Mooney's relatives, who differed from him politically, all being anti-Parnellites, allege that burial rites were refused to Thomas simply because he was a Parnellite. Father Curran has written a letter to the Irish papers denying the allegation. Reply has been made by the Mooneys, and all Tuam is excited over the matter.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE conquered the Austrians in 1796. Napoleon McKinley will vanquish the Bourbons in 1896.

THE death of Mr. Henry W. Harmon, the popular and efficient secretary of the South Park commission, which occurred very suddenly at his home on Lake avenue, last Sunday morning, is universally lamented. He was a native of Naperville, Ill., and was in his 51st year at the period of his death. His wife, three sons and a daughter survive him. The deceased was brother of Mr. George E. Harmon, manager of Central Music Hall, and of Mr. W. C. Harmon, bookkeeper in the Chicago Sugar Refining Company, both well known and highly esteemed citizens. The funeral, which was private, occurred on Tuesday, and the interment was at Oakwoods.

"THE glorious climate of California" has been paying us a prolonged visit this year.

THE defeated Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, John E. Russell, attributes his stunning overthrow to tariff reaction. Mr. Russell's head is level.

LORD ABERDEEN'S SONG.

[Scene—The government house at Ottawa, Canada. *Dramatis Personæ*, Aberdeen and his Highland piper. *Tempo*, Hallowe'en, 1893.]

I'm aye the laird o' Aberdeen
To ilka British comer,
An' when I sport the Irish green
'Tis as my lady's "drummer."
In Yankeeland I could na stand
The gall o' Mike an' Maggie—
I loe their gear, but weel I fear
They dinna loe my flaggie.

Oh, wad I ne'er had left the lan'
Where auld Boreas whistles:
As weel try twistin' ropes o' san'
As Shamrocks change to Thistles!
Tho' bonnie grows the English Rose,
To cheer our royal haggie,
The Irish chiels are rantin' deils
At sicht o' Britain's flaggie.

Frae kissin' Blarney's bogus stane
I've caught the vile lumbago,
Deil tak' the hour and ditch the train
That bare me to Chicago!
I'd rather far, in warlock war,
Bestride St. George's naggie
Than brave again those Irishmen
Wha tramped on Britain's raggie.

An' yet they ken, these Irish, weel,
Wha haud their ain in story,
That Scotland yielded to the deil
Wha bought her name an' glory;
'Tis na frae fear, but loe o' gear
She's noo the Saxon's faggie—
An' "Scots Wha Hae" maun yield the day
To "Rule Britannia's Raggie!"

An' weel they min', in days lang syne,
When Scotia girt her sword on,
There fecht in Bruce's battle line
Fu' mony a gallant Gordon!
An' Irish pikes beside them keen
Made English heels na laggie,
Noo Gordon, sunk in Aberdeen,
Salutes the foreign flaggie!

Hech, mon, the siller is in sicht—
The Widow's sweet panada—
Wha cares to prate o' Bruce's micht,
While I may rule Canada?
Sae, piper, gie's ae merry lilt,
To set my shanks awaggie,
For pipes an' punch, an' kail an' kilt
I'd guard Auld Clootie's flaggie!

THE Ulster Orange "parliament" has not been a conspicuous success as a debating body. Feuds and squabbles reigned paramount among the knights of Sandy Row. The "legislature" broke up in disorder.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN is fond of entertaining and being entertained by anti-Home Rule peers. His Eminence was recently the guest of the Marquis of Londonderry, a grand nephew of the notorious Castlereagh. Comment is superfluous.

THE "Emmet Monument" Association of New York city is sending around circulars requesting funds for the erection of a statue to the memory of that patriot. This project is quite premature. Emmet's dying request was to the effect that no epitaph should be written on his tomb till Ireland had taken her place among the nations. Much more would he have disliked the erection of a monument to his memory so long as the Union Jack floats over the turrets of Dublin Castle. The last wishes of such a sublime hero should be respected.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN is a sincere Christian. He does good to those who formerly hated and persecuted him. He purposes removing by his influence in parliament a grievance under which Irish prison officers are suffering—that of not being allowed to wear civilian dress when off duty! William has evidently forgiven those cruel warders of Tullamore prison who on one memorable occasion tore the pants from his limbs, and reduced him to the condition of Adam before the fall. In return he would now give them the privilege of sporting their Prince Alberts whenever they go to town for a lark!

JOE CHAMBERLAIN received recently an enthusiastic ovation at the hands of the denizens of Nassau, New Providence. He owns through his wife extensive property in that town, and has just given an all-round reduction of rent to his tenants.

THE CITIZEN is glad to learn that the new Library of Ireland bids fair to become a financial success. Thomas Davis' "Patriot Parliament" is selling by the thousand copies. An "Autobiography of Wolfe Tone," edited by Mr. Barry O'Brien, is also having a good run in the literary market."

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY is "out" with another appeal for funds. Poor Justin ought to be quite weary by this time of sending round the hat—particularly so, as that tattered piece of headgear is returned to him absolutely innocent of shekels.

DUBLIN is suffering the pangs of a water famine just now. Guzzlers of porter are to be deprived of that precious liquid; for the breweries cannot supply them until the flood gates of heaven open and pour down an ocean of rain on the Vartry reservoir.

BRIGADIER GENERAL BRECKENRIDGE, Inspector General of the United States Army, is no alarmist; yet he reports that the condition of our Southern coast defenses is disgraceful. Forts have crumbled away, and cannon and carriages have rusted and rotted. How long is such a disastrous condition of things going to last? Are the financial resources of the nation so insignificent that we cannot afford to expend a few hundred thousand dollars on guns and fortifications?

ONE of the most patriotic Irishwomen in London is the unmarried sister of Lord Dunraven, Miss Emily Wyndham-Quin. She is an accomplished performer on the harp, to the accompaniament of which she sings many of the national songs and ballads of Ireland.

Now that France and Russia have parted company, after pledging each other eternal love and loyalty, what is the Kaiser going to do? Being a very demonstrative young man, he might set the river Spree on fire some day by his denunciations of French intrigue and Muscovite hostility, both of which are very active just at present when Italy is beginning to feel more than ever the crushing financial burdens imposed upon her by the Triple Alliance.

GAELIC POETRY.

Ag so sean-abhrán do thóg mé go goirid ó shoin, acht measaim nach bhfuil a iomlán ann so: tá rann d'e ann a raibh an fear ag cuir slán leis an mnaoi mar so,

"Mo chúig ceud slán mar leat
A óig-bhruinneall ucs dl," etc.

acht ni dheachaidh liom nios mó dhe fhóghluim. Gabhthar é air fhonn an t-sean Chuilfhionn.

'Sé an m'niughadh fuair me leis—fear a raibh a bhean a bhfad faoi thinneas, agus bhi sé as baile uair amháin, agus fuair an bhean bás fhad 's bhi seisean amuigh, agus fuair sé taisbeánadh uirdi i ndealbh mná óige; thosuigh sí ag cuir cainte air mar sin. Ar deireadh gur thuig sé gurab i a bhean féin bhi ann agus go raibh sí marbh 'san mbaile, agus chuir sé a shlán leitte, mar tá shuas. S. O'MAOLMHOCHEIRIGHE.

Ag dul trid Bhaile-ath'-cliath dhom.

Ag dul trid Bhaile-Atha-Cliath dham
An chend lá de'n t-seachtmhain,
Casadh liom an óig-bhean
Ann san ród 's i 'una seasamh;
D'fhiostruigh sí de ghlór chaoin,
"Cia g-cómbnuigheann an marcach.
"A d-Taoibheán tá mo lóistin
'S áit cóiriúghadh mo leapa."

A g-cluin tú me, óig-fhir,
O's tá is déighionaigh d'fhág baile,
An mairean do chéile,
No raibh céile ariamh agad?"
"Tá si tinn tráith-lag
A bh-fabhras 'nna leabá
Nna luidhe le trí ráithe
'S tá na leágha dom' chreachadh."

Cia 'r mhisde dhuit óig-fhir
Da m-béidheadh si rómhat marbh?
Gheobhfair ba, caoraidh
'Gus saoirse i d-taltaibh;
Or buidhe 'nn do phócaibh,
'S go leor de le caithemh
A's mise mar chéile
Bheith ag cóiriughadh do leapa."

A' g-cluin tú me, óig-bhean,
Na bi dom' saíor-mhealladh,
Tá muirighin lag óg agam,
'S ni fhóireann a sgapadh.
Má tá ór buidhe 'nn do phóca,
'S go leor de le sgapidh,
Togh thusa do rogha céile
Dhuit féin 's ná bi folamh."

PERSONAL.

The reception and ball given in honor of City Treasurer Hanley, of Erie, Pa., and his Chicago bride, formerly Miss Mabelle Agnes Barry, was an elaborate affair. Mr. and Mrs. Hanley have just returned to Erie after an extensive honeymoon trip in the west, and the principal officials of the city gave the reception to welcome them home. Music Hall, where the affair took place, was beautifully decorated in honor of the occasion, and an orchestra screened by palms rendered music. About two hundred people were present, including Mayor Scott and Comptroller Brevillier. Refreshments were served throughout the evening in the supper-room adjoining the hall. The affair was one of the social events of the season.—*Evening Post, Nov. 7.*

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COURAGE, LADIES!

If You Do Not, at Present, "Wear the Breeches," You Soon Will, if You Are Truly in Earnest.

Eleanor Kirk on the Mysteries of Turkish Trousers and Tremendous Hats.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 6.—There are two things that no woman can do well, handicapped, or rather leggy-capped, as she is at present. These are riding a horse and a bicycle.

In vain do reformers hint at cross-riding, and in some instances adopt that method, and enthusiastic bicyclists, who want to coast and speed, declare they will not wear long skirts, and will wear Turkish drawers or some sort of full, modest legging. In fact, not more than one woman in one thousand dares to be comfortable when riding either the horse or the wheel.

"I designed me a perfectly lovely suit for the wheel the other day," a young lady told me. "I had no skirt, because if it is long it is sure to catch somewhere and upset one, and if it is short, then folks make a fuss. I studied and studied and studied until I perfected that usually ugly article of wearing apparel—Turkish drawers. In fact I made it graceful. It was not full and baggy, but just right. I had a natty jacket and a pretty hat, and congratulated myself upon having something unique, safe and modest. Well, my brother came home and informed me that he would not allow me to wear the suit, as he considered it "indecent." And these drawers came clear to me ankles! And now, what do you think? That very evening he accompanied his wife to a dinner party in an ultra decollete gown which I would have died rather than worn. What in the world is the matter with men, and why haven't the women more courage?"

My friend did not tell me whether she persisted in wearing the costume, or whether she ebeyed her brother. Of course she had to do the last if she is dependent upon him. But all these reforms are coming. The change is in the air, and anybody with the slightest intuition can feel it.

A few years ago—three, I think—Mr. Daniel Frohman, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, endeavored to induce his lady patrons to remove their hats during the performances. A few willing and sensible persons complied with the request, but they were made so conspicuous, and were the subject of so much remark, that not more than two or three continued the humanitarian habit. But see how true it is that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Now, ladies who wear large hats to any of our metropolitan places of amusement, are reasonably sure to take them off, and this was brought about by education.

We shall wake up some morning and find our horse and wheel riders are emancipated, and when we ask how it was accomplished, when it seemed so difficult and even impossible, there will be one answer, and that—Evolution.

"Isn't hot bread hot, whether it is raised by compressed yeast or by saleratus? And if it is the heat that hurts the digestion, what difference does it make how the bread is made, supposing it to taste good?"

The woman who asked the above question evidently knows very little of chemistry, and is also deficient in observation and logic.

Hot biscuits are no more harmful than anything else hot, provided they are properly made and baked. But is they are made of slackly-baked dough, they are destructive, hot or cold.

The superiority of raised bread over acid and alkali bread lies in the fact that the former contains no irritating substance, and the latter does. Take raised rolls, for instance: If these are made of good flour and standard compressed yeast, there is never a suspicion of heaviness or doughiness on the inside, and the crust, of which there is a good deal, is delicious and always healthful. Such results are never obtainable by means of soda and cream of tartar. Nice, hot rolls, are not harmful.

Black and white costumes have become so popular that they are unleasantly common. The fashionable hat, called by one milliner "a confection in black and white," is an exceedingly inartistic and ordinary thing. The two black pompon-plumes, or whatever they are called, or two velvet or silk steeples of exactly the same size and and height, and placed two or three inches apart, remind one of the hearse that is trying to look cheerful. A woman's hat should be graceful, dainty and becoming, but few women seem to care for these things. "Is it stylish?" they ask, or, "Is it the very last shape?"

A correspondent writes that she has spinal disease, and is obliged to recline most of the time, and because of her inability to work, reads a good deal. She has read every novel that she knows of, and wants me to send her a list of new ones, in the hope that she can find something that will help her to "kill time."

That last expression always made me cringe, and it is easy to take the measure, mental and spiritual, of the one who uses it. This girl is lazy and thoughtless and very selfish, and if there is any better atmosphere for spinal disease, or any other disease, to thrive in, I certainly cannot imagine it. Why, a half-witted person ought to know that constant reading in a recumbent position is as harmful a thing as one can do. And the steady reading of trashy novels? Think of it!

I call upon this girl and all other girls or women who have fallen into these idle habits to make an effort every day to do something that is useful. Start with some physical exercise. Oxygenize the lungs, breathe deeply, open the windows, and sit up and stand up. Too many women recline and read novels, and the worst of it is that the large and industrious class who do not, go too far in the other direction, and work themselves nearly to death. My intuitions assure me that my correspondent is quite mistaken in the matter of spinal disease. But she will have something worse if she keeps up the unwholesome and debilitating practice of reading novels all day. It is unnecessary to say that I shall not furnish the list of novels requested. ELEANOR KIRK.
698 Greene avenue.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

Several evictions have recently taken place on the estate of Captain Barnes, in the county Kilkenny. The Messrs. Dunne were ejected from their holding, containing about fifty-six acres at the yearly rent of £64. Some arrears were due but it was customary to allow a substantial abatement of the rent. A strong force of police and emergencymen, accompanied by the landlord and the agent, were present.

Mr. Ambrose R. Fortune, of Wexford, died on Wednesday evening, Oct. 25. He had been in failing health for a long time past. Mr. Fortune was a member of the Wexford corporation and harbor board for many years, and also belonged to the Wexford Borough Club.

The funeral of Miss Maria Leonard, of Kells, took place on Oct. 24. It was the largest that ever passed through the town of Kells, all shades of politics and religion being represented. The remains were encased in a magnificent casket of polished oak, heavily mounted in solid brass, and it was entirely covered with handsome wreaths, while a vehicle carried a number for which there was no place on the coffin. The Kells town commissioners walked behind the coffin in processional order, wearing heavy mourning hatbands. The chief mourners were Rev. Charles Byrne, P.P., Drumvaney; Messrs. Farrell Tully, P.L.G., C.T.C.; Michael Freeman and Patrick Charles.

The usual weekly meeting of the council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language was held on Tuesday, Oct. 24, at No 6 Molesworth street, Dublin, Count Plunkett, B.L., M.R.I.A., in the chair. There were also present Prof. Haugh, B.A.; Captain T. Connor, Hamilton Bell, M.R.I.A.; T. W. Conway, B.A.; and Messrs. T. O'Neill Russell, R. J. O'Duffy, J. H. Lloyd, T. Rooney, D. Fagan, and J. J. MacSweeney, secretary. Several matters of interest connected with the progress of the Irish language movement having been discussed, letters were read from Mr. P. Garvey, Kilroe; Mr. W. Brown, Holycross College, Worcester, Mass., and others, after which the council adjourned.

Munster.

A prominent citizen of Cork has passed away in the person of Chevalier Alcock, J.P., whose death took place on Oct. 23, at his residence in Queenstown. His services in connection with the building of the splendid cathedral of St. Colman in Queenstown will not be soon forgotten by those who were associated with him in that work, to which he gave large assistance, pecuniarily and otherwise. For his services to the Catholic church, Mr. Alcock received from the Pope the dignity of Chevalier of the Holy Roman Empire. His death at the ripe age of 76 will be deeply regretted.

James Clifford, a gardener in the employ of Capt. Onslow, Tenth Hussars, Limerick, died at his residence Oct. 27, under peculiar circumstances. Clifford went to his room on Wednesday night, and left burning a paraffin oil lamp on which, however, the funnel had not been put. The fumes from the burning oil filled the room and in the morning Clifford was found unconscious in his room. He was attended by Dr. Barry during the day, but despite every effort of the physician he expired.

The Limerick cattle fair on Oct. 27 was a big one—the largest for a number of years—and prices all round were not so bad as they might be. There was somewhat of an advance as contrasted with recent fairs, but prices were still far from satisfactory for sellers. Best beef of the very primest quality did not go higher than 5½s per cwt, and buyers, of whom there was a large attendance, had their own way in roaming through the fair. Agriculturists are threatened with a bad winter, and this led to a sell-at-any-price-you-can-get policy, which was taken advantage of to the full by purchasers. There was accordingly an unusually large number of cash transactions effected, and but few lots remained unsold. Best beef sold at 5½s per cwt, but this was only for exceptional prime lots, the general average being 5½s 6d. Inferior went at from 4os to 45s; and medium at from 46s to 50s per cwt. Mutton, of which there was an average supply, sold at from 5½d to 6½d per lb on foot. Three year old heifers fetched from £10 to £12, and two year olds, £7 to £9 10s, according to class. Yearlings went at from £2 to £5 each; two year old bullocks brought from £6 to £8 10s; and three year olds, £10 to £13. Milk cows sold at from £20 to £14, and the supply was not at all equal to the demand. Springers went at much the same figure, and weanling calves at all prices from 30s to £4 10s.—*Daily Independent.*

Connacht.

Mr. John Fitzgibbon and a party of gentlemen held a collection at Fairymonut on Oct. 22, for the purpose of building new houses for the poor tenants, whose houses were either thrown down or burned by the evictors. The collection promises to be a great success, as already Mr. Fitzgibbon has distributed relief to all of them who were present on Sunday. The meeting, which was held at Lisacull on Sunday, Oct. 29, convenient to the desolated home of Barrett, which was addressed by Messrs. Wm. Field, M. P.; L. P. Hayden, M. P.; John Fitzgibbon and P. O'Brien, was the largest meeting held in that district for a long time.

On Friday, Oct. 27, Corthoon, within two miles of Ballintubber, was the scene of two heartless evictions. The property belongs to E. Hughes, high sheriff, county Roscommon, and he was represented by Mr. Vaughan, Jr., Athlone, son to the agent, and another man, supposed to be a clerk in the rent office at Athlone. The names of the tenants evicted are Martin Kielty and John Farrell. All offers at settlement failed, and the unfortunate people, with the little effects they were possessed of, were hurled out under the cold winter's blast. Immediately after this was done the bailiff on the property, Thomas Leech, was called upon to level the houses to the ground, but to his credit, be it said, he refused to do so. The gentleman from the rent office then ascended the houses and commenced his fiendish work of stripping off the roofs, and after a short time the houses of these poor peasants were a heap of ruins. Kielty's ancesters held the land for the last 400 years.

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ESTATE OF ROBERT FITZGIBBONS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 27, 1893.

WILLIAM KIRBY,
Administrator of said estate.

David Sullivan, Attorney for estate.

THOMAS MCENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF JOACHIM KRAATZ, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Joachim Kraatz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December, A.D. 1893, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 26, 1893

WILHELMINA KRAATZ,
Administratrix.

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ONWARD.

Sometimes when the growing darkness,
At the close of day,
To the cares of daily labor
Brings a moment's stay,

All at once the mind will wander
Back to other years,
See as in a panorama,
Youthful hopes and fears.

Once again up in the threshold
Of our life we stand
And discern the future glowing
Like the promised land.

And the hopes of early manhood
Putting forth their leaf,
Green as are the leaves in springtime,
And their life as brief.

With a pang do we remember
That we meant to be
In the battlefield a hero,
Crowned with victory;

But, discredited and beaten
Have been forced to yield,
Or at best are barely able
Still to keep the field.

On our brow no crown of laurel
Tells of victory won;
Not for us the song of triumph,
When the day is done.

Other men have reaped the harvest
That we thought to reap;
Other men have gained the summit
Of the mountain steep.

And our hearts are bowed with sorrow,
Gazing on that scene,
For a moment as we picture
All that might have been.

For a moment! Then our manhood
Puts the sorrow by,
Crushes down again the heart throb,
Quells the rising sigh.

And once more we set our faces
Sternly toward the front,
Brace again our nerves and sinews
For the battle's brunt.

Onward! With success or failure
We have naught to do.
Ours to do our duty nobly
All life's journey through.

And, although success would cheer us
As we onward plod,
We can bear the doom of failure,
By the help of God.

—Good Words.

IN SOBER ROBES.

There she was, untidy as usual, lounging on the steps of West House, with her plump hands folded in her lap, her cap strings undone, her cape rakishly awry, her gray hair shamelessly rumpled. It was 7 o'clock, and the lowering sun had tinged the western sky with an edge of faded brown. Frogs were calling, and a faint, intermittent tinkle of cowbells stole over the rolling pasture lands beyond the Shaker village.

Big and barren in the silvery half dusk the Shaker dwellings rose upon a background of pale skies and green fields. Everything looked stolid and blank. The meeting house, austerely plain, the sturdy houses, shops and barns, the very flower beds in the yard of West House, suggested an undeviating rigor of aim. And in the midst of it all, a very incarnation of cheerful laxity, sat Sister Huldah, with her pulpy, unascetic figure and broad, babyish old face.

Behind her a long vista of hallway ran straight and smooth through the center of West House. Now and then a woman in Shaker garb, plain and prim, went in staid steps across the painted floor to the sitting room at the farther end of the passage. It was the hour of the evening gathering, but old Huldah, squatting comfortably on the back door step, had forgotten about everything except the tranquil aspects of the twilight hours.

A man with longish silver hair under his flat hat came up the path.

"Good evening to you, sister," he said in a curiously soft, womanish voice. "You're not overlooking the hour of gathering, are you? Our new elderess is particular about having the family prompt." His accent was one of kindly warning, and Huldah started.

"Law, well!" she sighed. "I let it slip my mind, so I did! 'Tain't easy fer me to git into new ways of doin, Bro' Henry. We never heard of no gathering hour in Elderess Jane's time. I ain't passing a word agin Elderess Lucia. She aims to do right, but she's from up no'th, and she's young and upheaded, and—well, I reckon it's fer the best, but I ain't felt to home here since Jane died.

"She was a Kentucky woman, so she was, and she understood how 't a person might hev the love of Ann in 'em and yit disremember to tie their cap strings. No, Bro' Henry. I know 't the new elderess hes my good at heart. I know I'm keerless to my own ondoin, but I jest can't seem to git ahead of them cap strings! Look like I was born thrif'less. I was always a-breaking things and tearing my clo'es and gittin into mud holes as a child, and being a Shaker fer 40 years ain't took it out'n my blood." She sighed deeply, but the expression on her mild face was one of genial resignation rather than hopeless grief.

Brother Henry sighed too. The new elderess, though a holy woman engaged in laying great bases for eternity, had short shrift for human weaknesses.

"She has great gifts," mournfully conceded the old man. He went up the steps with the stiff accuracy of a pair of compasses and entered the house.

A tall, slight young woman was coming down the hall. Her very shadow on the yellow floor had a look of severity. She was young, with a pale, beautiful face. The thin lines of her lips held something that was in harmony with the cold glance of her dark eyes, and she walked with a certain determined gait, as if each step were set to an exact measurement. She advanced to the door and looked out on the quiet garden, the fading sky, the rising stars and the slouching old figure on the steps. "Sister Huldah," she said.

Huldah's shoulders twitched. She lumbered hastily to her feet.

"I was jest laying off to come in," she advanced in a conciliating tone as she stood, broad and awkward, fumbling at her cap strings. "Look like I kind of lost myse'f a-setting here listening at the frawgs holler. Down in Lincoln county, where I was raised, the frawgs they used to start in of a night"——

"Huldah," remarked the elderess coldly, "there are cherry stains on your hands, and your skirt has a zigzag rent in the side breadth. Your hair is in a sad state. It is painful to me to keep speaking to you about your careless habits. You are very remiss. The youth of this house do not find you a good example. Nothing that you do is well done." She paused and then added, "I fear that it will be my duty, unless you mend your ways, to reprimand you publicly before the assembled family."

Huldah looked amiably remorseful. "I know I ain't worthy of my high callin as a follower of Ann," she said.

"No, Huldah, you are not," agreed the other, a little nettled at this easy contrition. "Ordinary reproof does not reach you. But if it is necessary I shall resort to other means." She regarded with level eyes the figure before her. "I shall send you away," she said. "I shall send you permanently to a northern community." There was no particular menace in Lucia's voice. She stood with her hands folded, looking far away toward the darkening horizon. "I shall feel it my duty," she resumed, and then very suddenly she stopped.

A look of vague horror had flashed into old Huldah's eyes. She stared blankly at the slight, stern figure in the doorway. "You'd might as well kill me," she panted, stretching out a shaking hand. "I'd as lief die as go out'n Kentucky. I was born and raised here. I run barefoot through its grass and waded in its creeks and climbed around its hills. I—I couldn't dror breath no other place. My folks is moljering onder Kentucky sod, and my own bones'd never lay still with any other sile atop of 'em. Oh, elderess! You—you ain't no human nature in you! You're hard as the flints in them hills yonder."

Lucia drew herself up. She was a little amazed at Huldah's heat of utterence, for in the elderess' three months of ministration in West House the old sister had never before exhibited anything like so much feeling. Lucia, after her first sense of surprise, was conscious of being rather pleased to have struck thus by chance upon a means of holding her thriftless sister in check.

"I have the welfare of the family at heart," she said. "Unless I see some change in you, Huldah, I shall send you next week to Ohio with Deacon Henry when he returns to his village."

Huldah gave a strange little laugh.

"Change!" she cried out. "Kin them critters as hes hoofs larn to fly? I'd quit being lazy and triflin if I knowed how. But I came of easy goin stock. I got shif'less blood in me, I reckon. But I ruther die in Kentucky than live in Ohio." She lumbered heavily up the steps, and the young elderess watched her pass the house.

Lucia had a feeling of uncertainty. She had come to this village from a well ordered settlement in another region, and she cherished a praiseworthy design of lifting the Kentucky community to a level with more austerely conducted settlements. Her predecessor, Elderess Jane, had tempered justice with more mercy than Lucia believed well, and under her rule West House had worn a cheerful air of home and creature comforts.

There were red curtains in the sitting room windows and crochet tidies on the sitting room chairs. These worldly decorations Lucia at once removed as abominations conducive to low, fleshly ideals. She had a rigorous conception of the millennial idea, had Elderess Lucia, and the mild old Shakers of West House found themselves suddenly and violently elevated to a higher and sadder life.

"We will proceed with our doctrinal talk," said Lucia, entering the sitting room after her rebuke to Huldah. "Sister Huldah has gone to her room. We will excuse her tonight."

The next morning, however, she repented of this leniency, for when the family filed in to breakfast at 6 o'clock Huldah was not in line, and the elderess had a vision of her lying comfortably abed, forgetful of precepts and warnings. She prepared to be very stern with the irresponsible old soul, but when she went up stairs to pour incensed admonition upon Huldah's head, she discovered the surprising fact that Huldah was not in her little room. The place looked tidy with its high bed, scrap of a stove and dimity sash shade. But Huldah seemed to have gone, and when the elderess looked she found that Huldah's two print frocks and linsey petticoats and long Shaker bonnet were also gone.

Lucia had a sensation of unpleasantness. It did not sit well with her conscience to think that she had driven the old sister away. She sought to convey some assurance to Huldah, but no one seemed able to suggest, as to her whereabouts, anything more definite than that she had likely gone to "her kin down yender in Lincoln." Lucia accepted with a sense of self reproof the theory that Huldah had gone out into the world in a mood of resentment. Others had left the community in various moods of revolt against the new elderess' high handed methods. Commonly they came back properly subdued by the coldness of the world. No doubt Huldah would also return, and when she did so, Lucia determined upon treating her a little less sternly.

But though she fixed upon this considerate usage she found no chance for practicing it, for weeks passed on, and no word came of old Huldah. Summer doffed its green garments for coats of russet. In West House yard the cherry trees spread against the paling skies, and up the Shaker roads and around the stolid houses wintry winds swept cold and snow came early that year, folding in white the trim garden spaces. A cold winter set in. The preserving kitchens were shut and deserted, and the Shaker women, gathering of afternoons about their little heart shaped stoves, sewed carpet rags and wove mats and guilelessly stuffed emery bags with thistledown.

They sat at their tasks more quietly than had been their wont under the placid regime of Elderess Jane. Gossip was frowned on by the new elderess, who, by way of furnishing her household light entertainment, read to them while they worked from moldy records of the spiritual experiences of early followers of Ann Lee.

One day in January, while they sat and listened, a knock sounded at the sitting room door. A lank fellow, bundled in a wool scarf, stood on the threshold.

"Howdy," he said, amiably nodding at Lucia, who looked up with calm, dark eyes and smooth, soft lips which silently questioned the intruder.

"You're the new elderess, I reckon," premised the man. "I used to know Sister Jane right well. I'm the tollgate man. I was jest goin on to Harrodsburg, and I laid off to stop in and tell you some one's livin in the old log house down on the river. I knowed it was Shaker property, and I jedged you'd want to know. M' wife she see smoke comin from the chimney, and she hed me climb up the bank to see who was living there. I couldn't raise no one. But m' wife she says she see a woman sneak thoo the bushes up there with a passel of fagots. I didn't know but you'd want to hear if any one was livin in one of your houses and a-stealin your timber. Me and m' wife we're always glad to do the Shakers a good turn."

One of the Shaker women uttered an exclamation: "Law me! who ever hes to lie in that old crib must be poorly off! It ain't fit for firewood and half a mile from a livin critter! I wonder who—Why, law me! it couldn't be old Huldah?"

Lucia started. "She went to her people," she said sharply. And then, suddenly enough, she said to the tollgate man: "Will you take me to the place? Some one there may need help. Sister Rose, tell Abram to hitch up."

The spring wagon, however, could go only the less part of the way. At the turn to the ferry the tollgate man tied and blanketed the horse. Then he proceeded up a rocky break in the cliff side, and Lucia toiled after him through murmuring pines and between jagged stones, which nibbled hungrily through their slight covering of snow.

In the midst of leafless trees an old house presently disclosed a black and tumbling roof. At one side of the bleached log walls a massive chimney rose in a broken, hoary heap. Faintly from its mouth came a dying breath of smoke, but there was no other sign of occupancy, not even so much as a footprint in the slight snow about the door.

Lucia laid her knuckles against the rude panels. There was no response. The single window was boarded up, but as Lucia peered through a crack in the planks she caught a glimpse of a garment hanging across the panes—a garment of brown print at the pattern of which her heart twitched.

"Try the door," she said breathlessly. "Push it in!" There was a crack and a sharp cry as the tollgate man set his shoulder against the rotting panels. He caught himself by the jamb and stood peering in. It was nearly dark in the bare, puncheon floored room, except that now and then a tongue of flame thrust itself from a smoldering handful of twigs on the hearth. Against the farthest wall a woman crouched, a woman who at sight of Lucia struck out two bony hands and moaned and gazed blankly.

"Don't touch me," she said hoarsely. "I won't go! I won't! I've hid away here and prayed you'd never find me"——

"Huldah!" broke in the elderess' passionately, "don't look at me so! I've come to take you home, Huldah—home to West House. Listen, Huldah! I've been hard and cruel, but I'll never pain you again."

The old woman seemed not to hear. She gazed round at the cracked walls, the pallet of brush, the darkened window.

"I ain't no trouble to no one," she muttered. "I've starved and froze and all. I've heard the owls hoot at night and ben skeered, and I ben lonesome and sick, but I was home, and I could 'a' gone on if Ann would 'a' heard my prayers. But she ain't listened. She's turned agin me. She give me into your hand."

Lucia had cast herself on the rough floor and was clasping Huldah's knees.

"You are killing me, Huldah," she wept. "I have sinned against you and against all those whose lives I have made cold and hard. I meant to do right, but I was vain and wicked. Huldah! Huldah! do not forgive me. I do not ask it. I do not deserve it. Only come home with me and let me serve you as a daughter who has erred may serve the mother who pities her."

The tollgate man rubbed his nose with the end of his red scarf and wheeled away. Huldah stood gazing confusedly down on the kneeling slender figure, with its wringing hands and beautiful pale face and streaming eyes.

"Be you'ns a-cryin?" she stammered. "I 'lowed you was a flint. And kneeling to me! Elderess Lucia—don't ye, don't ye! Sit up, Elderess Lucia!"

But Lucia clasped her the closer.

"Not till you promise to come with me," she sobbed. "Not till you promise not to hate me as I deserve."

Huldah drew a quick breath. Her hand trembled down upon the young woman's black, soft hair.

"Hate you?" she breathed. "Why, I'll go—now—wherever you take me—or send me!"—Harper's Bazar.

Lived Off His Sister.

Not long ago a young man whose sole business, apparently, is to wear fine clothes and to enjoy life generally was a witness in a lawsuit at a town not many miles from Buffalo. When, in putting the preliminary questions, the attorney asked him what was his occupation, the witness was visibly embarrassed.

"Come, come, what is your business?" repeated the lawyer impatiently.

"I—I—er—I—er"— stammered the young man, blushing painfully; "I—er—that is, my sister is a dressmaker."—Buffalo Express.

An Erroneous Supposition.

During the Nez Perce war of 1877 two soldiers were pursued by savages and had to fly for their lives. One of the soldiers was better mounted than his companion and soon was several hundred yards in the lead. Looking back, he perceived that the enemy was getting dangerously near, so he shouted:

"Come on; they're right after us!"

The man in the rear ironically replied: "You don't think I'm trying to throw this race, do you?"—Spokane Outburst.

MUSTHAVEGOODEYES

LOCOMOTIVE MEN HAVE TO PASS SEARCHING SIGHT TESTS.

Various Methods Employed For Trying the Sight of English Railway Employees. Made Necessary by the Great Development In Railway Operation.

One of the many qualities that require to be possessed by candidates for footplate honors is good sight. In fact it is the principal one on British railways. No sight aids of any description are allowed to be worn, and before being promoted the men must be able to pass satisfactorily a test which, with different companies, varies in severity. Some companies test periodically, while others only do so when the men are promoted to firing and driving, or when some accident occurs through a signal having been mistaken or passed at danger.

In justice, therefore, to the traveling public, as well as for their own interests, it is the duty of railway companies to see that the men they place in such responsible positions are thoroughly competent, as the speed at which trains are now run requires acuteness of vision.

In the early days of railway enterprise, the train was often preceded by a man on foot—sometimes on horseback—whose duty it was to see the line clear, but with the rapid developments made in locomotive engineering it was soon found necessary to dispense with this "herald," and in due course fixed signals were placed along the route.

Thus the responsibility of seeing the position of signals and attending to them was placed upon the men in charge of the train—viz, driver, fireman and guard—for the latter in the event of an accident must be able to state whether the signal was clear or not, and his sight (also that of shunters and signalmen) is subjected to the same test as that of the locomotive men.

Various methods of testing have been resorted to, but the one which for a considerable period was used by railway companies, and which the men still most approve of, was testing by means of flags and lamps. The candidate was taken to a nice straight stretch, and another party with the flags (red, green and white) by day and lamp by night was sent forward about 600 yards and exposed the signals, which the candidate was required to name to the foreman or inspector present.

Some officials, however, do not approve of the candidate naming the colors, and in such cases what is known as the "wool test" has to be gone through. This consists of a bundle of various colored wools from which the candidate must pick out pieces he thinks correspond to skeins which are given him to match. In some companies the skeins are simply hung on a bar and the candidate asked to point out the danger colors, etc., without naming them, but as there are various kinds of color blindness, it is much better to use other colors as well as those in daily use on the line. Undoubtedly this is the correct method for testing color blindness if properly conducted.

But the method which at the present time seems most popular is what is known as the "card test." This is a piece of cardboard about 5½ inches by 5½ inches. In each of the four corners are the colors, red, green, blue and yellow, all very bright, while the space left between, about two inches, is divided into squares one-fifth of an inch, which at a distance of 15 feet corresponds to a bulls-eye 2 feet square 600 yards away. The candidate stands 15 feet from the card and names the colors as they are pointed out, also counts the number of blackened squares, which are varied in number by covering up some with a piece of paper.

Each eye is examined separately, both as to color sense and form, care being taken that the unused eye is simply covered and not pressed upon, as this causes irritation of both members. Having named the colors and counted the spots correctly, the candidate may congratulate himself that he has passed.

Generally speaking, the sight should be tested once every three or four years, as during that period accident or disease may have impaired the vision, while habitual smokers should be tested much oftener, as it has been ascertained that tobacco smoke has a deleterious effect on the sight.

As yet railway companies have not adopted a hard and fast test. Each has its own method, but as so many precious lives are intrusted to engine drivers and their mates, an exhaustive test should be made. Strictly speaking three tests should be gone through: 1. Wool test, to detect color blindness. 2. Object test, squares or small letters, for form. 3. Tested in darkened room with lamp for color ignorance, as it is important that the candidate should be able to name the colors. The lamp, having been lighted, is placed on a table, while the candidate stands about 20 feet off. A piece of cardboard with a hole about half an inch in diameter is placed over the face of the lamp, and various colored glasses passed in front, which the candidate should name, remarking whether lighter or darker than the previous one of the same colored group.—London Tit-Bit

Ears and Character.

You never saw a poet or a painter with large, coarse ears that stand out from the head like extended wings. That kind of an auricular appendage betokens coarseness of mind. A long, narrow ear that lies flat to the head is a sign of pugnacity. Never trust a man with a thin, waferlike ear. He was born a hypocrite, if not a thief. A very small ear betokens a trifling mind, lacking decision. Ears set very high on the head indicate narrowness of mind. A large, well shaped ear that does not spread itself to the breeze is indicative of generousness. Most of the world compellers had large ears and well developed noses. Although there are so many millions of people in the world, no two pairs of ears are alike. Each has a marked individuality.—New York Recorder.

More Haste, Less Speed.

It was 9 p. m., and Herr August Glimmermann stood ready equipped in traveling costume. He put on his gloves and his hat, snatched up his plaid, turned the gas off and was about to leave the room, preparatory to starting on a long journey through Germany and Italy, when in the dark his sleeve swept over the table, in consequence of which something dropped on the floor, which, to judge from the sound, must have been a coin. Although during his absence no one could enter the room, as he was in the habit of locking it and taking the key with him, yet he thought it better not to leave the money lying about, but secure it in his purse.

He therefore relighted the gas, and found that the coin was only a copper of the value of 1 penny sterling. Putting it in his purse, he hurried out of the room and quickly locked the door, for it was just striking 9, and his train left at 9:18, so that he had only just time to catch it. Eight months later Glimmermann, on his return from Italy, unlocked the door of his room and went in. Ha! what is that? The gas was burning merrily just as he left it after lighting it to seek the dropped coin, he having forgotten to turn it off again in his hurry, and a couple of days later he was presented with a gas bill to the amount of £1 5s. 3½d.

"Hang it," he said, with a sigh, on paying the money, "the old proverb, 'Festina lente,' is not so far wrong after all."—Humoristische Blatter.

Joe Jefferson's Boxing Lesson.

Rising young actors usually guard their positions with a jealous eye, and during the early life of Joseph Jefferson he was no exception to the rule. When under the management of Dion Boucicault, "The Octoroon" was produced, and in the announcement of the papers Jefferson's name did not appear. Being one of the principals in the drama, he naturally felt indignant, and so he sent his part to the theater with a note in which he resigned from his engagement until a new arrangement could be entered into. About this time Jefferson was suffering from dyspepsia and conceived the idea that the gentle exercise of boxing would relieve him. He engaged a professor of the "manly art," and his boxing lessons were given in the drawing room of the house where he was living.

The day following his resignation he and the professor were indulging in a "fierce exchange," when, suddenly looking over his opponent's shoulder, he discovered the amazed faces of Dion Boucicault and William Stuart. They stood aghast at the scene and fancied that Jefferson intended settling his difficulties by an appeal to science and had secured the services of a professional bruiser to assist him. Their alarm was soon set at rest by Jefferson, who dismissed the pugilist and came to a more explicit understanding without the aid of the Marquis of Queensberry.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Moon, Ahoy!"

Regarding the seamanship of one of the members of the Massachusetts naval reserve: The incident occurred during the trip on the cruiser San Francisco, and voluminous as was the commendatory report of their doings which was sent to the navy department it did not include this incident.

On the second night that the reserves were at sea one of the amateur tars was on the watch. He was a Boston man. The night was clear and beautiful. Myriads of stars twinkled in the heavens, but there was no moon. Suddenly the reserve sang out:

"Light ahoy!"

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Far, far away," replied the would be man-o'-war's man.

When the officer had recovered from the shock occasioned by this unseamanlike answer, he looked over the rail in the direction pointed out by the man from Boston. Then he had another fit. The stern discipline which prevails on a cruiser at sea did not allow him to swear, but there was a word of meaning in the way in which he growled out: "What's the matter with you? Can't you recognize the rising moon when you see it?"

"Moon! Moon!" stammered the embryo sea dog. "I beg your pardon, sir." Then he shouted, as if making amends for his error, "Moon, ahoy!"—Boston Home Journal.

A Balloon Screw.

Some very interesting experiments have been recently made by M. Mallet respecting the action of a screw in producing vertical propulsion in a balloon, the results of which have been presented to the Academy. The screw was designed and set to work by M. Langlois de Saumier. It has a diameter of 7½ feet and turns round a vertical shaft fixed by two clamps to one of the sides of the car. M. Mallet succeeded, by imparting to the screw a velocity of 100 revolutions a minute, in raising the balloon, which has a capacity of 28,000 cubic feet, through a vertical space in the same time of 333 feet.

Frequent repetitions of the same experiment invariably gave the same results. As the screw revolved, it necessarily caused the balloon to rotate also, but the movement was not found to produce any inconvenience, since the velocity did not exceed 0.04 of a complete revolution in a second. The author concluded his communication by a series of observations upon this particular mode of propulsion, pointing out that it was exceedingly well adapted for purposes of scientific experiments.—Genie Civil.

Without Argument.

A young lawyer talked four hours to a jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge and said:

"Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.—London Tit-Bits.

GENESIS OF THE STEAMBOAT.

Ancient Craft That Foreshadowed the Modern Greyhounds of the Sea.

The first steamboat was built by Denis Papin, who navigated it safely down the Fulda as long ago as 1707. Unfortunately this pioneer craft was destroyed by jealous sailors, and even the very memory of it was lost for three-quarters of a century. In 1775 Perrier, another Frenchman, built an experimental steam vessel at Paris. Eight years later, in 1783, Jouffroy took up the idea that had been evolved by Papin and Perrier and built a steamer, which did good service for some time on the Saone.

The first American to attempt to apply steam to navigation was John Fitch, a Connecticut mechanic, who made his initial experiments in the year 1785. To what extent Fitch was indebted to the three illustrious French inventors named above we are not informed, but that his models were original there is not the least doubt. In the first he employed a large pipe kettle for generating the steam, the motive power being side paddles worked after the fashion of oars on a common rowboat. In the second Fitch craft the same mode of propulsion was adopted with the exception that the paddles were made to imitate a revolving wheel and were fixed to the stern—clearly foreshadowing the present stern-wheeler.

This last mentioned boat was the first American steam vessel that can be pronounced a success. It made its first trip to Burlington in July, 1788. But, after all, it was not until after the opening of the present century that steam navigation started into actual life. In 1807 Robert Fulton (who every school child knows was an American), in conjunction with one Robert R. Livingston, built the Clermont, and established a regular packet service between New York and Albany.

The success of this undertaking was so satisfactory that four new boats were built before the end of 1811, at least two of them being designed for service in other rivers.—St. Louis Republic.

The Man In the Iron Mask.

A letter to Louvois by Louis XIV, written in cipher, has been long in the archives of the ministry of war and has at length been deciphered. In it the king orders Louvois to arrest General de Burlonde for having raised the siege of Conti without permission, to send him to Pignerol and to conceal his features under a loup, or black velvet mask. The order was executed, and the presumption is therefore violent that the "Man In the Iron Mask"—it was a black velvet one with iron springs—was General de Burlonde. The story tallies with the known fact that the prisoner made repeated attempts to communicate his name to soldiers; that he was treated with respect by his military jailers, and that Louis XV, who knew the truth of the whole affair, declared it to be a matter of no importance. The difficulty is to discover the king's motive for such a precaution, but he may have feared discontent among his great officers or the soldiery. It must, however, be possible to discover from the lists in the war office whether General de Burlonde was recorded as "missing" or "dead" about the right time.—Saturday Review.

Tricks In All Trades.

The young doctor was sitting in his consultation room chatting with a friend when some one entered the outer office. He stepped out, and the friend heard him say:

"Pray take a seat. I'll be at liberty in a few minutes."

Then he came back into the consultation room and closed the door after him.

"I'll skip," said the friend.

"Not for the world. Sit down," said the doctor.

"But you have a patient waiting."

"Well, it's a woman. Let her wait about 15 minutes."

"You may lose her business."

"On the contrary, I'll get it regularly. I always make them wait."

"Why?"

"To give the impression of a rush of business. It is the only way to keep a woman. If she thought I wasn't rushed to death, she'd lose confidence in me and go somewhere else."—Chicago Record.

A Cabman's Revenge.

A good story is told of a stipendiary magistrate in a Yorkshire town, not given to err on the side of leniency, who heavily fined a cabman for fast driving. A few days after the magistrate, detained rather longer than usual in the court, was hurrying along to catch his train when, seeing an empty cab handy, he hailed the driver and directed him to proceed to the station, telling him that he was pressed for time. The driver, however, heedless of the hint, kept to a gentle trot. "I say, I say, my man," exclaimed the fare, with his head out of the window, "drive faster than this!" "It can't be done, sir," replied the driver, "Ye see, if we drives faster we're had up afore the 'beak,' and we gets fined, so we has to be careful." He did not alter his pace, and neither did the "beak" catch his train.—London Tit-Bits.

Women Usurers.

Women are, as we know, invading most trades and professions, but it is interesting, says the London Lady, and not a little startling to learn that they have even taken to the doubtful one of usury. "You would hardly credit," said a well known solicitor recently, "what a huge number of women money lenders there are about." Many of them have small private connections only, obliging feminine friends or acquaintances pressed for the amount of some dressmaker's or milliner's bill with temporary loans at interest. But there are others who go in for it extensively—advertise, and, in fact, make quite a handsome income out of it.

The Nurse's Business.

The Caller—Do the children mind you when the mother is out?

The Nurse—I don't require any minding, ma'am. I was not hired for them to mind me, but for me to mind them.—New York Press.

HELLOING 1,300 MILES

LONG DISTANCE AND SHORT CIRCUIT TELEPHONES.

Who Use the Former and What They Use Them For—The Charges Seem High, but They Permit the Use of Considerable Conversation—A Lecture For Test Calls.

A continuous long distance telephone line extends between Boston and Milwaukee, a distance, as the line is run, of 1,300 miles.

A reporter who was wondering, as many other people are wondering, no doubt, if the long distance telephone circuits are much used, and if so by what class of people and for what purposes, called to ask those questions of Edward P. Meany, assistant general manager of the company, in the main office, at 18 Cortlandt street.

"Yes," said Mr. Meaney, "the long distance service is used to such a satisfactory extent that it is being constantly extended. In the far western part of our territory Milwaukee has been added to the system, and this side of Chicago a line has recently been run down from Toledo to Dayton O., and from Dayton extensions are making which will bring Cincinnati and Indianapolis into the service.

"What class of interviews is most conducted over the longer circuits?"

"I should say that social and domestic affairs bring most of the patrons now, although there are some business interviews conducted."

Mr. Meaney explained that the charges for long distance interviews are based upon five minutes' conversation as a unit. That is, the charge between New York and Washington is $2, between New York and Chicago $9, for each five minutes or portion of that time. This does not include the time used in making the connection or bringing the parties to the ends of the line. All subscribers to the long distance telephone can be connected with the circuits just as they are in the local business. If a man is wanted who is not a subscriber to the long distance service, he is hunted up and brought to a central station without charge.

When two people get fairly started on a long distance interview, they can talk from 400 to 600 words in five minutes, according to the subject and their familiarity with it. It is a fact that most interviews end before the unit of time has elapsed. One New York woman who had her son at South Bend, Ind., where he is at school, called up anxiously, asked her startled hopeful if she had put his winter flannels in his trunk, if he had not maliciously carried off his father's razor and if his tooth had stopped aching. Being satisfactorily answered on all these points, she paid for the service and went on her way rejoicing.

Business men chiefly use the long distance service to consult about terms of contracts or to report the text of contracts which must be repeated to insure accuracy.

The chief difference between the long distance and the short circuits is that in the former what is called a metallic service is used—that is, in talking between New York and Chicago, a distance of 1,000 miles, the service is really over 2,000 miles of wire, as the wire, instead of being grounded at both ends to complete the circuit, is doubled or looped to make the complete circuit metallic. The instructions for speaking and listening are the same as those printed for the use of the ordinary telephone, and the result, so far as hearing is concerned, is rather better over a thousand miles than over one. This is owing to the metallic circuit, which does away with the maddening burr-r-r resulting from induction and from the use of a heavier and superior copper wire. The wire used in the long distance service weighs 870 pounds a mile, the ordinary service wire weighing but 340 pounds.

Mr. Meaney said that while there was no mechanical reason why the service should not be continued across the continent, it is not probable that, for the present at least, it will go beyond the Mississippi river, owing to the great cost of construction, operating and maintenance expenses. When these facts had been given to the reporter, Mr. Meaney asked if a chat with Chicago would not aid an understanding of the subject. The reporter thought it might, and Mr. Meaney drew toward him a movable standard telephone instrument and called up Chicago. That active city quickly responded, and the telephone was turned over to the reporter. The thousand-mile-away voice began in a clear singsong voice, "This is the World's fair telephone exchange station."

"That's all right," said the reporter. "I'm a Sun man and wanted to hear your voice."

Then it laughed and said in a natural manner:

"I have to answer about 90 'test' calls a day, and so have made up a little lecture which I give them free."

Then a conversation of several minutes followed, unbroken by a "burr-r-r," a "zip-tsing" or a single "what's that?"—New York Sun.

A Life Line Suggestion.

It is evidently a veteran sailor who makes the suggestion that, as a vessel always goes ashore to leeward, and the life line shot from the shore must therefore be fired against the wind, and with all the difficulties which this implies, every vessel should carry a supply of rockets, which, attached to deep sea log line and signal halliards, would connect them much more speedily with the shore.—Boston Transcript.

Silent Machinery.

The Safety Valve calls attention to the fact that the problem of silent machinery has been solved by a firm in Vienna. This firm is manufacturing cogwheels of pressed rawhide. The new wheels have, it is claimed, great strength, and they do not require lubricating. On the other hand, they are very expensive, and are consequently unlikely to come into general use.

IT LOOKED SUSPICIOUS.

Why a Traveling Man Gave Up Playing Poker With Strangers.

"I don't play cards with strangers," said a quiet looking man on the Pullman in response to an invitation from the drummer to join them in a little game of poker. The drummer flushed up and was about to say something.

"Hold on," remarked the quiet man, "and I'll explain. Sit down here a minute or two and let me tell you."

The drummer being an obliging person sat down.

"About five years ago," began the quiet man, "I was out in the west country at a wild town, and one night, being fond of cards and a pretty fair player, I asked four or five cowboys at the tavern where I was stopping to play cards with me. I didn't know them, and they didn't know me, but they took it for granted I was all right, and they went to my room, where I had two or three decks of cards. We started the game at a quarter the ante with a $2 limit, and it wasn't long until I was winning nicely; for, as I said before, I was a good player. After some time we took another deck of cards, and as usual I had a good hand.

"My winnings had made my new found acquaintances rather suspicious, but as I was perfectly honest I didn't pay much attention to that. I remember very distinctly I had an ace of diamonds in my hand, and when it came around to show down I knew the pot was mine, but just as I laid down my hand the man opposite me whipped out his revolver and jabbed it into my face, and on the instant out came all the other men's guns, and I was scared almost to death. I couldn't say a word, for I thought my time had come, but nobody shot.

"'Look here!' ejaculated the man who had first pulled his gun, applying several disagreeable epithets in addition, and he took an ace of diamonds out of his hand. This restored my consciousness somewhat, and after waiting until each man had expressed his opinion of me, and the final decision had been reached that I was to give up all I had won and probably be shot later, I got in a word.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'appearances are against me, but I am honest. I don't know how that extra ace got in the pack, but if you will look in my valise there you will find a pack exactly like this one lying loose in it, and the cards must have got mixed in there. I'm sure I didn't do it.' One of the men took the cards out of the valise and ran them over, and the ace was missing. That much was in my favor, but it did not restore confidence.

"'Send down stairs,' I said next, 'to the clerk and have him come up. He was playing here this afternoon.'

"Then they sent for the clerk, and he said that he and a party of friends had played with those cards during the afternoon, and farther, that they had used two packs to do some tricks with. He also stood bond for my honesty, and after an hour or so of terrific strain on me my friends concluded I was all right. Then, to establish good fellowship firmly, I insisted on their taking their money back. They set up the drinks all around, and I left them at last with a solemn vow registered that when I played poker again I must know everybody in the game, and everybody must know me. Don't you think one experience like that is enough for an honest man of quiet temperament to go through?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Birth of the Opal.

There is a beautiful little story told about the opal, that delicate stone which you have no doubt seen in rings and bracelets. The story is that the opal was long ago promised to anybody who could discover it. It lay hidden away, so the old fortune tellers used to say, at the place "where the sunlight and the moonlight joined" each other, and whoever could find that spot would be rewarded by a quantity of large, beautiful opals. After a long search for the place "where the sunlight and moonlight joined" each other, the place was found by a Spanish traveler, who followed up the rays of the setting sun, and when he had reached the end of the last ray he waited until the moonbeams shone upon the earth, and there he found the opals. They are said to be very lucky stones for those who are born in the fall of the year and very unlucky for those born in the spring. Of course it is only a saying that these are lucky or unlucky, but the rest of the story is true, as you will believe if you look in the heart of an opal and see the pink tints of the sun and the blue rays of the moon nestling in the middle of it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Trees In Japan Sacred to the Gods.

Near every temple in Japan are certain trees which are supposed to be peculiarly loved by the gods and to be sacred to them. Any one injuring or causing to be injured one of them will bring down the wrath of the "kami" or god whose particular property it is. If the trees be injured in the name of any one, the kami avenges himself on that person instead. So when a girl finds that a swain's love has cooled, and she thinks revenge would be sweet, she makes a straw manikin and calls it by his name. If she is very vengeful, she may also make one of her hated rival. At 2 o'clock at night (called the hour of the bull) she rises, and clad in a white night-dress only, with high clogs on her feet, her hair hanging loose and crowned with an iron tripod, on which three lighted candles are stuck, she proceeds to the shrine of the patron god of the family.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Pretty Domestic Scene.

The night watchman in a Chestnut street bank isn't happy unless he dandles his 3-months-old baby for awhile each evening. He cannot get out, nor can mamma get in, but every fair night she passes baby in between the big iron bars of the front window. Papa watchman receives the youngster, and passers-by witness the charming family picture of mamma's smiling face watching between the bars and papa romping with baby in the brightly lighted interior of the bank.—Philadelphia Record.

SELF SACRIFICE.

Without a Justifiable Motive It Becomes a Sentimental Vagary.

Young Lanyan, the midshipman, who went down with Admiral Tryon on the Victoria, was a sentimental lad. "You had better jump," cried the admiral to the boy.

"I'd rather stay with you," was the midshipman's reply.

The boy's loyalty to the admiral was pathetic, but it was a barren display of affection. The admiral was right. The lad ought to have jumped and made a resolute effort to save his life. The admiral had weighty reasons for preferring to stay at his post. The midshipman's life was flung away from sheer excess of sentiment.

Equally wasteful and unjustifiable was the zeal of a New Jersey workman, who listened to a lady's frantic appeal for the rescue of her dog, which was floundering in a pond. She fancied that her pet was in extreme danger. The workman plunged into the water and swam out to the dog. There he was suddenly attacked with cramp and was drowned before the lady's eyes. The dog swam ashore and barked from the bank at the rescuer, whose intentions had been misunderstood. It was more than foolish for a man to risk his life for a hysterical lady's pet dog.

Another workman in Brooklyn played a better part. A cry of "Horse run away!" was raised while he was chatting with a friend. A frightened horse was tearing up the street with a wagon behind him, but no driver. Directly in his track was a baby carriage with a sleeping child. The nurse, who had been wheeling the carriage across the street, had been frightened by the outcries of bystanders, and deserting her charge had fled to the sidewalk.

The workman did not hesitate. Springing forward, he caught the animal by the bridle and stopped the horse barely in time to save the child's life. The horse, revolting against capture, reared and made a plunge for liberty. The bridle broke in the workman's hands, and he fell under the horse's feet. In a moment he was trampled to death.

This workman had a wife and children dependent upon him. He undertook a most hazardous feat in attempting to stop the horse by the bridle ends in front of the baby carriage. But although he lost his life and brought calamity upon his household he exhibited singular unselfishness and fortitude. The sight of the sleeping child exposed to a horrible death set his warm heart beating, and generously and impulsively he did the only thing that could have been done for the child's rescue.

That was better than a useless sacrifice of life for a puppy. It was nobler than voluntary suicide with the admiral, who feared a court marshal's probable brand of murderer more than he feared death. Unless self sacrifice have adequate motive and justification for the risks, it becomes a sentimental vagary involving senseless waste of life.—Youth's Companion.

A Model Salesman.

There was an etching hanging in the window of a Broadway store, and in front there was a young woman looking at it admiringly. By and by she went in and asked the clerk who seemed to be in charge of the picture department to show it to her.

"Do you want to buy it?" inquired that gentleman, sharpening a pencil as he spoke.

"I want to see it," replied the young woman with surprise, but commendable firmness.

"Well," drawled the clerk, shutting his pocketknife and favoring the customer with his undivided and somewhat insolent attention. "If you want to buy it, I'm willing to take it out of the window. As for seeing it, you can see it perfectly well from the street. I haven't it in stock, and it's a great deal too much trouble to get it out if you ain't going to buy it. If you are, I'm willing to take it down. It's $2."

The young woman was dumb with surprise. Then she said in soft and polite tones:

"You are too kind. I will not trouble you."

And in the mind of the witnesses there arose a question as to just what the province of an attendant in a store was.—New York World.

A College Joke.

As good an example as can be given of the jokes played on new students is the ancient "Pempe" of Winchester college. On the first appearance of a boy in the school a companion will ask him with a kindly air if he has a book called "Pempe Moron Proteron" (Greek for "Send the fool farther"), without which it will be impossible to properly get through his work. Of course he will say "No," and then he will be sent on a wild goose chase from one boy to another in the hopes of obtaining a copy. The game is kept up with great spirit until the older boys are tired of the fun, and then the green lad is referred to one of the masters, who, instead of giving him a volume, as he expects, ends his trouble by explaining to him the joke of "Pempe."—London Tit-Bits.

Wonders In Penmanship.

The renowned Dr. Heylin in his "Life of King Charles" relates the following extraordinary story of the artistic ability of an old time knight of the pen: "In the time of the reign of Queen Elizabeth one Royer wrote the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Pater Noster, the queen's name and the year of our Lord within a space that could be covered with a penny. He gave her majesty a pair of spectacles of his own artificial making, that by the help thereof she did plainly and distinctly discern every letter."—St. Louis Republic.

The Solution.

"Bridget, what was that loud noise I heard in your room last night? Did something fall?"

"Not that I knows on, ma'am. Maybe it's meself ye heard fall asleep. Ye knows I'm a heavy sleeper."—Truth.

The Well Bred Woman.

The funny papers are never weary of descanting upon the flatteries of your society dame. "How are those beautiful children? I shall never forget how sweet they looked when I peeped in at them in their nursery that day. And how is your precious mother? What a wonder she is! Everybody speaks of her marvelous crazy quilts. And your husband? All the men are talking about him. That speech of his at the —— club dinner took everybody by storm." And so on, ad nauseam. But it never gets to that point with the listener. "The one thing of which men never tire is the honeyed voice of approval."

If, as Frederika Bremer says, "the great duty of life is not to give pain," your society dame is performing the great duty of life with admirable success. She not only does not give pain, but she bestows positive pleasure. Even to those who know that her words are meant only to smooth the passing moment and must not be taken too seriously her little "euphuisms" are grateful.

Among the better class of well bred people compliments are not "laid on with a shovel" nor "dragged in by the hair." They flow easily, for they are the result of a lifetime of effort to make one's self agreeable to everybody, so far as one can do it within the limits of truth. The unfailing aplomb of the well bred woman assists her wonderfully here. She recalls clearly at the first glance the peculiarities and the circumstances of her visitor, she sorts out the pleasant from the unpleasant, and she invariably alludes in her remarks to the pleasant. The transplanting, without its luxurious effusiveness, of this good custom into the home life and into the narrow circles of the "outs" could result only in good.—New York Times.

Girls In Business.

Very much has been said on the subject of girls with independent incomes or well to do parents going into business or taking up any means of livelihood, and severe and it would seem very unjust criticisms have been indulged in.

It is claimed by working women and their champions that for a girl with a good home or an income to go into business or take remunerative work to do is unjust to those who are dependent on their own exertions for a living. Just where the justice of such criticism comes in it would be difficult for any philosopher to decide. No one thinks it strange. Indeed it is quite the proper thing, when a boy on or before arriving at maturity, goes out into the world to earn his living. However wealthy his father may be seems to make no difference. Indeed under such circumstances industry and application to business are looked upon as all the more praiseworthy, but for some mysterious reason the girl is not allowed this privilege.

This appears to be but another of the relics of barbarism which unfortunately cling like barnacles to the ship of progress.

Everybody has a right to earn a living or any portion of it by whatever honorable occupation he may see fit to take up. Whether it be a man or a woman matters not.

There is plenty of work in the world for both the boys and the girls.—New York Ledger.

Wedding Wreaths of the World.

The wreath which graces the head of a bride on her wedding day has been sung by more poets, even the great ones like Schiller, than any other chaplet of fame or honor. In the early days the Jews saw in the wreath a sign of what for them was the most beautiful and precious—the promised land—and of the myrtle the bridal crown was woven. Later this myrtle wreath became the symbol of womanly purity and as such is worn by every girl bride in Germany. In many parts of Germany the sprigs from which the wreath shall be twined must be taken at a fixed hour of the night between certain holy days. And in both Denmark and Germany families possess myrtle trees which have for quite a generation or more furnished the bridal wreaths at family weddings. In Greece the myrtle and the rose were considered the favorite flowers of Venus, the twining of the two together signifying the union of love and virtue. In England, in France and in Poland, as in America, the orange blossom reigns supreme in wedding chaplets. In Italy the white rose has taken the place of the evergreen and fragrant myrtle wreath. In Spain it is the red, red rose that adorns a bride, and Portugal's wedding flower is the carnation.—New York Sun.

Savage Indifference to Pain.

Generally speaking, the more civilized and refined races are more sensitive to pain than barbarous and uncivilized races. This was proved by Dr. Felkin in a series of carefully planned experiments which he made upon Arabs, negroes and Europeans. The stoical fortitude of the Arabs he considered due to peculiar mental characteristics, of which mental repression, self control and dogged endurance were the leading features. The indifference to pain in negroes he thought was due to diminished general sensibility, and he was led to believe that the relative sensibility of Europeans, Arabs and negroes was in the proportion of one, two and three. A New Zealander has been known to chop off his great toes so that he might get on a pair of boots which had been given to him. On one occasion a native Australian came to a settlement to get a wooden leg, his own leg being burned away at the knee. It had been wounded so severely that amputation was necessary, and as his tribe had no appliances to stop the flow of blood his leg had been simply burned off.—Elmira Telegram.

Only of Secondary Importance.

Parson Scattergood (to his wife on Saturday morning)—I have both of my sermons all ready for tomorrow.

Mrs. S.—What texts have you been writing upon?

Parson S.—Texts? Oh, I've just got through writing the sermons. Haven't had time to select the texts yet.—Boston Courier.

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Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman s hall, South Chicago.

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Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5814 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R, Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5745 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemstreger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, A Riedy, 4039 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 490 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Joe H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelser, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 773 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Vanevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1137 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 373 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney s hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5800 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Theo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schaegemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T F Pratte, 2853 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3940 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3

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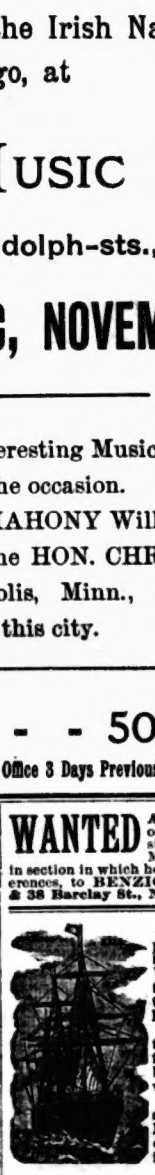

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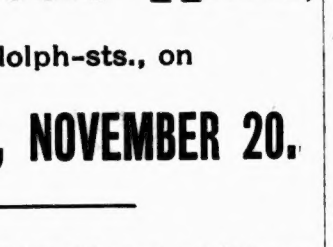

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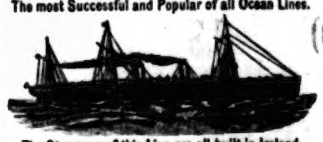

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No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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